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Selections.

THE CASE OF THE EDMONDSON SISTERS.

The following statement and correspondence were laid before a meeting of the pastors and ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New-York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, held October 14, 1848; whereupon it was, on motion,—

"*Resolved*, That Rev. Dr. Peck, Rev. E. E. Griswold, and Rev. D. Curry, be a committee to take measures to call a meeting for the purpose of laying the matter of the Edmondson girls before the public."

In pursuance of the design of their appointment, the committee have resolved to publish the statement and correspondence, in the form of an appeal to their fellow-citizens, for aid in accomplishing an object which must commend itself to all who will be at the pains to peruse the following pages.

The committee have also decided to get up a public meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Monday evening, October 23, where an opportunity will be afforded for those who may desire to contribute to the fund intended to be raised.

STATEMENT.

A few weeks since, a coloured man, seventy years of age, came from Washington city to New-York, for the purpose of making an appeal for aid in purchasing two of his daughters from Slavery. About the time of his arrival, a statement of facts appeared in one of our daily papers, written by a gentleman who has resided for some time at Washington, and who had become acquainted with the history and present circumstances of the old man and his family. A few extracts from this narrative will exhibit the principal features of this interesting case:—

"Paul Edmondson was born *into Slavery* in Montgomery county, Maryland, eighteen miles from Washington. He still lives in the same neighbourhood. At the age of forty-two he obtained his freedom by the gift of his master. By industry, economy, and thrift, he has acquired a comfortable little homestead of forty acres, on which he now lives at the age of seventy years. He has reared a family of fifteen children. Fourteen are still alive; one a daughter, having died at the age of sixteen. His wife, Milly, was also born to the sad inheritance of bondage, and is still a slave. At an early period, in the distribution of an estate, she fell to the lot of one Rebecca Culver. The two had grown up together from childhood. The mistress has always had a guardian of her person and trustee of her property. The person now her guardian and trustee is Francis Valdenur, whose wife is a niece of his ward, and an *heir apparent* of her estate. Mr. Valdenur is a man of some standing in the neighbourhood, and is a State tobacco inspector at Baltimore. These Edmondsons are not an ordinary family, as you will perceive in the sequal. They have the impulses of manhood and freedom gushing through their veins. Five of the sisters now reside in Washington. They are married and are all of them in comfortable circumstances; fine in their personal appearance—modest, well-behaved, estimable women. One of them paid $300 only for herself; she was an invalid. The doctor told her she would soon die, and she had better not make the attempt. Her reply was, 'I'll do it, and be free, if I die the next hour!' Another paid $325 for her freedom, whose constitution was delicate. The oldest, a noble-looking and noble-minded woman, purchased her rights at $450, some years ago, before prices were as high as at present. The two younger of these five married sisters paid $500 apiece for themselves. Four brothers and two younger sisters, Mary and Emily, were on the "Pearl." They were brought back with the rest, and sold to the speculators, for the New-Orleans market, for $750 apiece all round. One brother, Richard, has been bought, brought back, and made free. The sisters have also been brought back, and are now in the trader's pen in Alexandria, in whose behalf an appeal will soon be made. The other three brothers have been sold in New-Orleans."

In evidence of the genuine character of his claim on the smpathies of our citizens, the father had been furnished with the following testimonials. The peculiar phraseology of the first certificate may well attract the special attention of those who shall peruse such a document for the first time.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Sept. 5, 1848.

The bearer, Paul Edmondson, is the father of two girls, Mary Jane and Emily Catharine Edmondson. These girls have been purchased by us, and once sent to the South; and upon the positive assurance that the money for them would be raised if they were brought back, they were returned. Nothing, it appears, has as yet been done in this respect by those who promised, and we are on the very eve of sending them South the second time; and we are candid in saying that if they go again, we will not regard any promises made in relation to them. The father wishes to raise money to pay for them; and intends to appeal to the liberality of the humane and the good to aid him, and has requested us to state in writing *the conditions upon which we will sell his daughters.*

We expect to start our servants to the South in a few days; if the sum of twelve hundred ($1200) dollars be raised and paid to us in fifteen days, or we be assured of that sum, then we will retain them for twenty-five days more to give an opportunity for the raising of the other thousand and fifty ($1050) dollars, otherwise we shall be compelled to send them along with our other servants.

BRUIN & HILL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 5, 1848.

The bearer of this paper, Paul Edmondson, has two daughters, Mary and Emily, about the ages of seventeen and fifteen. They are girls of uncommon promise, of fine appearance, and have been religiously reared; but they are slaves!

They are now in the prison of their owners in Alexandria. They have been once sent to New-Orleans for sale, but were returned through the importunities of their brother, who was then with them.

To save these children from a fate which the father and his family so much dread, is the object of his present effort. He can accomplish it only by the payment of $2,250.

The little property saved by himself and other children, they are ready to sacrifice; but it is not enough. I believe his peculiar case to be such a one as should come up in remembrance, and find favour amid the splendid charities of the day.

J. BIGELOW.

WASHINGTON, September 4, 1848.

I hereby certify, that the bearer, Paul Edmondson, has two daughters, aged about fourteen and sixteen years, now in the hands of Bruin & Hill, slave-dealers in Alexandria; who say, that unless they are speedily redeemed by their friends, they shall carry them, without delay, to New Orleans. They ask for them $2,250, a part of which sum has been raised in this city, and for the balance their parents are compelled to appeal to the charitable elsewhere.

HARVEY LINDSLY, M. D.

I cordially recommend the subject of the foregoing appeal to the charitable consideration of my friends, and a humane and Christian public generally.

JOHN F. COOK,
Pastor of First Coloured Presbyterian Church, Washington City, D. C.

I sincerely recommend Paul Edmondson to those with whom I am acquainted, he and his family being worthy persons.

H. DATCHER.

The following certificate was transmitted from Washington, a short time afterward:—

Mary Amelia and Emily J. Edmondson, sisters, have been exemplary members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Asbury Chapel, Foundry Station, Washington city, and Baltimore Conference. Amelia joined the church in 1843, and Emily in 1844. Up to the time of their leaving in the schooner "Pearl," they bore irreproachable characters, and, as far as I can learn, have continued to do so up to the present date. They are the daughters of Paul Edmondson, who, for many years, has sustained an unblemished Christian character. The case of these girls is one that claims the sympathies of the benevolent, and I most earnestly pray that the efforts of their friends may be crowned with success in securing their freedom.

WATTHEW A. TURNER,
Pastor of Asbury Chapel.
Washington, October 5, 1848.

These testimonials (with the exception of the last one) were promptly laid before a meeting of sympathizing friends, convened for the purpose of considering what could be done for the relief of these unfortunate sisters; at which a Committee was appointed to apply to the citizens of New York for aid in making up the required amount. But it soon became evident that there was doubt in the public mind, as to the reality of such a large demand being made for two females, both of them yet in their minority. Accordingly a letter was addressed to a highly respectable lawyer at Washington, requesting him to make strict inquiry into the matter, and to ascertain whether they could not be redeemed for a less sum than $2,250. The following reply received from him, unravels the mystery, and exhibits the true state of the case, as well as the enormous system of wrong of which it is the legitimate result.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 12, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—I have your letter of the 11th. We had felt the importance from the first of getting a *reasonable* price fixed for the purchase of the Edmondson girls, and therefore had several interviews, as well as the exchange of many letters; but every effort to procure a reduction of price by the owners has been fruitless. The truth is, *and is confessed to be, that their destination is prostitution!*

Of this you would be satisfied on seeing them.—They are of elegant form, and have very fine faces. They have been well raised, and both are professors of religion! I understand pretty well the character of these owners of the girls. I don't believe that we can get a lower price put upon the girls now; but if we were ready with the cash, we might get them for $2,000.

Very sincerely yours.

Notwithstanding the positive assurances of this letter, it was thought advisable to make further efforts for the reduction of the price; and, for this purpose, an intelligent and philanthropic individual, who was about to visit Washington, was engaged to give the necessary attention to the case. A regular correspondence has been maintained; the result of which will be learned from a perusal of the following extracts of letters received from time to time.

Washington. Sept. 25, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have in every way been embarrassed and delayed in reaching a conclusion in reference to the weighty matter in hand. * *

If my suggestion meets with approbation, it will only remain to raise the cash for the redemption of the girls. It is a task, to be sure; but it *can* be done, and I hope will be entered upon with cool determination. It is the best *missionary text* for New York ever put into the mouth of a mortal man, who has a heart and tongue to denounce Slavery, and plead for mercy and humanity! Let the tale be rung through every church and congregation in the city. The girls *Methodist Members: to be sold for prostitution! Mark that!* But you know it all.

Washington, Sept. 30, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:—I will further state to you, distinctly, and briefly as may be, the result of my inquiries and reflections.

The *brokers in humanity* cannot be induced to say anything less than heretofore for the unfortunate sisters, Mary and Emily Edmondson: they insist upon the $2,250! As to time, they will not say anything definitely. This much I think may be assumed without any risk, the girls will not be sent off for ten or twelve days, and probably more. Action, however, vigorous and decisive, should not be postponed for a single day or hour. Let the means for their redemption be secured at once, and beyond a peradventure! As to the amount to be raised, I think you should set your mark at $2,000, and nothing less. The other two hundred and fifty I will engage shall be furnished here. The father, old Mr. Edmondson, to be sure, has a little *homestead*, the fruit of long years of patient toil and saving; it might be sold for $500 or $600 on credit, or incumbered with $200 or $300 loan, if the money could be found: but is there a man or woman among our friends in New York who would be willing to see him stripped of his all, and turned out of doors in his old age, with his sorrowing and decrepid wife? No such soulless man or woman can be found in our ranks, I feel assured in my inmost heart!

Let me entreat our friends not to look upon this sum, large as it may appear, as so much treasure squandered upon mercenary and unprincipled slave-traders! There is a *moral* at the bottom of the effort, which may be made to tell with power upon the New York community, and upon the country.—It is a *text* of *texts* from which to preach to the hearts of the people. It can be made to operate more effectively than any other one circumstance, for the immediate overthrow of Slavery, and the trade in this District. Let us not fail to improve it. Bring home the facts to the bosom of every minister and church member in New York and Brooklyn. In faith and hope,

Your friend sincerely.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND,—You will learn by the certificate of Mr. Turner, that the girls are actually members of the *Episcopal* Methodist Church. Mr. Turner is a *white* clergyman, and is a very *respectable* and good man.

Mr. Eli Nugent, a man slightly coloured, who is one of the leading members in the church, knows the *girls* intimately; they have belonged to his class nearly two years: he speaks in the highest terms of their capacity, and of their uniform Christian deportment. All their friends and acquaintances bear the same uniform testimony.

If any further satisfaction is needed, by a reference to the Episcopal Methodist *year book* of the Baltimore Conference, Mr. Turner's name and his present station will be found, as he informs me.

Pray let me hear that a blow is struck. The *girls* begin to feel anxious. Bruin & Co. send off, or say they shall, a company next week. It may be indispensible for me to be able to say that the the funds will be *forthcoming*. Having heard nothing definitely, they begin to think the effort abandoned. Heaven guide your efforts, and prosper the right?

WASHINGTON, October 12, 1848.

DEAR——, I have just returned from Alexandria, and have had a most serious interview with Bruin. They have fitted up an establishment—two teams, with provisions, and a camp-tent—to go South, over land, to Alabama or Mississippi, as interest may lead. The plan is, to trade on the way—to sell, buy, or swap—anything to make money. Thirty five persons are to go, Mary and Emily Edmondson with the rest, to start before day on *Saturday morning*. This *was* the arrangement; but then B. is perfectly willing to keep the girls till they send again, because he is satisfied we shall raise the money. On the other hand, his partner wishes to take them along, as he is going on the trading voyage, and doubts our paying over the money. B. says he took the responsibility upon himself to have them brought back from New Orleans, and his partners have blamed him somewhat for it. He feels embarrassed, as he really wishes the girls to stay, and yet does not like to say they shall, unless he can be perfectly certain they will be redeemed. In a word, if I can get their friends here to deposit four or five hundred dollars to-morrow, *and agree to forfeit it if the sum is not made up*, he will hold on to them, and thus time will be given to secure the entire amount.

As soon as any considerable sum is raised, I think it will be well to transmit it hither, to satisfy them that progress is making.

Bruin gives the girls the very highest character. He says they are equal to any white girls, let them be who they may. He says "if there is a *real Christian* upon earth, he believes Mary Edmondson is one."

They *are* exceedingly fine girls, you may be assured. I wish they could appear before an audience in the Tabernacle: the money would come along in a hurry. Yours ever.

The arrangement contemplated in this letter has been made, and thus the matter now stands. A large proportion of the $500 has been guaranteed by the brothers-in-law of the girls, and will be absolutely forfeited, and these objects of our Christian sympathy will be sent away into hopeless bondage, unless the price of their redemption can be immediately made up and remitted to Washington. On being informed of the arrangement for the meeting in the Tabernacle, on the 23d, our correspondent writes, under date of October 16th:—

"There will be time for the execution of your excellent plan. Still I pray that no hour or moment may be lost. Let the idea of rapid action be impressed upon the minds of all our friends. My only regret now is, that your great meeting must be delayed for a week. I trust it may be so shaped and prospered as to finish up the whole thing on the spot."

In view of what has now been presented, the committee feel that comment and argument are alike unnecessary to induce their fellow-citizens to contribute for this object. What parent, or brother, or sister, with a knowledge of these facts, will require any solicitation on our part, to aid, according to his or her ability, in restoring these loved ones to the home and hearts of their aged parents, and to an humble share of the blessings of that LIBERTY which we so richly enjoy?

Contributions may be inclosed to either member of the committee, or paid over to any pastor or officer of the Episcopal Churches of New York, Brooklyn, or Williamsburgh.

G. PECK,
E. E. GRISWOLD, } *Committee.*
D. CURRY,

New-York, October 21, 1848.

THE PHILADELPHIA SLAVE CASE.

On Monday the case of Lewis Pierce, who claims his freedom from his master, Robert Tilghman of New Orleans, came up in the Philadelphia Common Pleas, on *habeas corpus*, before Judge King.

The *Ledger* of Tuesday morning has the following report of the case:

Charles O'Neil, Esq., for Mr. Tilghman, moved to quash the writ of *habeas corpus* upon the ground that the petition on which it was founded does not state the nature of the alleged restraint sufficiently clear for the respondent to make answer. The first section of the *habeas corpus* act provides that the petitioner shall set forth the nature of the charge upon which he is detained for any criminal or supposed criminal matter. The prisoner is obliged by the act to set forth the nature and character of the charge, so that the Court may have a knowledge of the case, and whether it is proper to grant the writ. He must produce a copy of the warrant of arrest. The fault of the petition in this case, is that the petition does not state the nature of the restraint which Pierce alleges is exercised by Mr. Tilghman. He merely states that it is for no criminal or alleged criminal matter.

Judge King said, that the form of petition adopted in this case has been the form in existence and practice during his entire judicial recollection, which extends over 24 years. If the petition states that he has been restrained of his liberty for no criminal, or supposed criminal matter, and sustained by oath, it has always been considered sufficient. Precedent has settled the practice into a principle, which cannot now be disturbed. If the matter were now *de novo*, the form might be amended. Suppose the man is restrained without any cause being assigned how could he then regain his liberty? The ground resides in the bosom of the party who restrains. The cause may be given, and the petitioner would be unable to make oath on the ground alleged.—There is no hardship in this.

If there is no retraint, the answer to the petitioner, who says, "You restrain me of my liberty," is "I do not—you may go." Where the party makes oath that he is restrained of his liberty without any criminal charge, it puts the burden upon the other side to show why he does so.

Mr. Tilghman then made return to the writ as follows: "That the said Louis Pierce, by virtue of the laws of the State of Louisiana, is his slave; that he has not seen the said Louis since the morning of the 18th of October, the day on which this writ was served upon him, except in Court; that he did not restain him of his liberty at the time of the service of the writ, nor has he restrained him at any time since."

Mr. O'Neil said that by virtue of this return the Court could do nothing with the writ of habeas corpus; they could not remand the relator or discharge him. The case of the Commonwealth vs. Robinson rules this point. In that case the habeas corpus was sued out for the body of John. Roop, a soldier. The captain made return that he did not restrain Roop of his liberty; that the said Roop had enlisted as a soldier; that he was not then restrained; but at the end of four days, unless he reconsidered the enlistment, he would be restrained. On this return, C. J. Tilgham decided that he could not demand or discharge the petioner; all that he could do was to say that he was at liberty to go wherever he pleases.

Mr. O'Neil said that was precisely what he wanted in this case. He wanted the Court not to remand or discharge him, but to allow the case to stand as it was. The act of 1780, which gave a slave owner a right to keep his slave in this State for six months, had been repealed, and by the laws of Pennsylvania Louis Pierce was free. Mr. Tilgham returns that he does not restrain him—he cannot therefore be discharged, but may go where he pleases. This course would be most beneficial to Mr. T. under the circumstances, and if he felt inclined to resort to other means to assert his property, it would not operate as a discharge, which might prejudice his right to his slave in his own State.

Mr. Earle, for plaintiff, contended that the return was evasive, and intended to prevent the habeas corpus act from having its beneficial operation. It did not state that he was restrained when the writ issued Judge King said that he thought it was evasive. A new return was therefore made by Mr. Tilghman, and sworn to. The amendment was that Mr. Tilghman did not restrain Pierce of his liberty in Pennsylvania at the time when the writ issued.

The case was then argued by George Earle for the relator, who read the act of 1780, abolishing Slavery in Pennsylvania, and the act of 1847, repealing the section giving a right to slaveholders to retain title to their slaves for six months after they came here.

Mr. O'Neil, in answer, contended for the disposition of the case as made in Commonwealth *vs.* Robinson. He said, that under the Act, Pierce had no right to come into Court and claim his discharge, because the Act of 1847 makes him free in Pennsylvania, and until he is restrained he cannot sue out the *habeas corpus*. It was undoubtedly true that he had been brought here as a slave. Mr. Tilghman supposed that he had a right to hold him for six months under the act of 1780, and did not know that it was revealed by the act of 1847, or he would have never brought him. He thought it was his right to bring his slave here, and knew nothing of the change in the law. But the law in Pennsylvania makes him free, and he must abide by it, if that law is constitutional. If it is, then Pierce was free from the time when he touched the soil of the State, and needs no *habeas corpus* to regain the liberty given him by the law. Mr. O'Neil therefore pressed his position that the Court here would make the same disposition of this case as was made in Commonwealth *vs.* Robinson, leaving the matter to stand as it was. If Mr. Tilghman then attempted to take his slave, or commit any breach of the peace, he will take the responsibility of the act.

Thomas Earl for the relator, asked to introduce witnesses to contradict the return of Mr. Tilghman; he would show that he did attempt to restrain Pierce of his liberty since the writ issued, and when asked for a manumitting bond refused to give it.

Judge King said that he could not allow the return to be contravened, and the relator may except and show where the return is not good, supposing it true, but if the return is evasive, the remedy is by motion to attach the respondent for his evasion.

Mr. Earle then went on to argue that Slavery was founded upon municipal regulation, and not upon the law of nature. The States had only ceded to the Federal Government certain powers, reserving all which were not delegated. Among these were the regulation of Slavery within their own limits. The Constitution of the United States applied only to fugitives from labour, and not to cases where a person voluntarily brought his slave into a free State. Mr. E. cited several cases where this right was recognized, and where, by law, the State declared that all slaves imported within their boundaries were made free. They were held to be so after being brought into the State, even where they had been taken back into slave States—the right of freedom acquired by their being in a free State was recognized—and the claim of the master held to be last.

Judge King delivered his opinion as follows:—The constitutional question raised in this case is free from real difficulty. The State of Pennsylvania, like any other independent sovereignty, has the clear right to declare that a slave brought within her territory becomes *ipso facto* a freeman. This was and is a principle of the common law. (Somerset's case, State Trial, vol. 20,) and is in terms asserted by the 10th section of the act of 1780.

Pennsylvania retains all the rights of any other sovereignty which she has not ceded or renounced in entering into the national compact, which binds this confederacy together. If she has stipulated anything in that compact which limits her otherwise plenary power in regard to the passage of such a law as the act of 1837, then of course the act of Assembly must yield to the paramount authority of the Constitution of the United States. This restraint on the plenary authority of the State, if it exists at all, is to be found in the third section of the fourth article of that instrument, which declares that "no person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such services or labour may be due."

It seems to me difficult to argue that this section, which is a mere stipulation to surrender fugitives from labour, escaping from their owners in one State into another, has any relevancy to the right of a State to declare free slaves brought voluntarily into her territory by their owners. Where the master of his own motion brought his slave into a free State, the operation of whose laws he is bound to know, what ground has he to complain if those laws gives freedom to his slave?

It was his own act which produced the result, and for all the legal consequences of which he must of course respond. Has such a state of things anything in common with the case in which a slave has, against the will, and without the agency of his master, fled from his service in one State, and sought shelter and protection in another? This was the case intended to be provided for by the 3d section of the 4th article of the Constitution of the United States. And, undoubtedly, Pennsylvania is bound to the faithful execution of this, as of all other obligations imposed on herself in becoming a party to the national Union.

But when Pennsylvania stipulated with her sister States to deliver up fugitives from labour, fleeing from other States, and seeking shelter in her territories, she certainly never meant to deprive herself of the right pertaining to every independent sovereignty to forbid the voluntary introduction of slaves into her territory by their owners, under the penalty of their being immediately declared free. Such a renunciation of her natural and inherent authority, as an independent State can neither be inferred from the letter nor spirit of the only article of the national Constitution having any relation to the subject.

The case on principle seems clear. The petitioner has been brought by his master into this State, where he has served him for some time. By being thus brought voluntarily into the State, the petitioner became *ipso facto* free. The right of sojourners to retain their slaves for six months, given by the act of 1780, having been expressly repealed by the act of 1847, the case stands on the common law and the general provisions of the act of 1780, which gives freedom to a slave voluntarily brought by his master from another State into this Commonwealth. The prisoner is at liberty to go where he pleases.

That he did go where he pleased, may well be imagined, as he was hurried out of Court in double quick time, and before the lawyers could gather up their papers was out of sight.

It will be understood that the decision in this case is exactly the same as that in Commonwealth vs. Robinson, and which was contended for by the counsel for Mr. Tilghman. It is neither a remand or a discharge, but under the return simply an intimation by the Court that the relator may go where he pleases. This is most beneficial to the master as it is not a discharge from servitude by a Court of Record, which might be pleaded against farther proceedings against Pierce if he is ever caught in Louisiana. It is believed that as long as he remains in this State nothing can be done in the State or United States Courts. The whole affair furnishes a lesson to Southern gentlemen to be careful how they voluntarily bring their slaves to Pennsylvania, for the moment they do so they are free.

From the National Intelligencer.

The contortions of the now desperate Locofoco chiefs and leaders are fearful and painful to behold. But, whilst we compassionate their actual suffering, we cannot allow to pass unnoticed *all* the false imputations and charges which they are belching forth with vindictive rage.—Here is one of them, for example, taken from "the Union" of yesterday morning:

"Let the South beware. We are informed that the Whig "Committee in this city have published, and are now sending to the South, documents which are made to appear as "though published by the Democrats, in relation to General Cass's position on the Slavery question, which go to "show that he is the advocate of the Wilmot Proviso. No "such documents have ever been published by the Democrats, nor any other position assumed for General Cass, "except that contained in his Nicholson letter: and anything of the kind with the Democratic Committee attached to it is a base forgery of the Whig Committee. We "warn the country to beware of the frauds of the Whig "Committee. Having become perfectly reckless and desperate, there is nothing to which they will not resort to "accomplish their purpose."

It is not true, *we* are informed, that the Whig Committee in this city have published any document "made to appear as published by the Democrats." They have, we understand, purchased a comparatively small number of each of two Documents *published by the Democratic party here*, as will be seen in the sequel, with designs absolutely fraudulent; and they have transmitted, enveloped together, copies of these documents to a few friends abroad to guard them against these most wicked deceptions. We have at this moment before us one of each of these publications.

One of them, intended for Northern consumption, and said to have been printed in enormous numbers, and distributed throughout Pennsylvania, is headed thus: "*Read, Pennsylvanians, and decide at the Polls.*"—"GENERAL TAYLOR'S SOUTHERN FACE!" Its object is to get the Pennsylvanians to go for Cass, instead of Taylor, upon the ground that TAYLOR lives in the South, is a large slaveholder, and *would Veto the Wilmot Proviso*, while Cass is a Northern man, and would better suit the Pennsylvanians!

The other, manufactured for the Southern market, is headed as follows: "Read and reflect! Address of the National Democratic Republican Committee;" and the object of the publication is to show, as stated in flaring capitals, that General TAYLOR is probably pledged to the Whigs of the North *in favour of the Wilmot Proviso.*"

And it is people who are guilty of such shocking violence to truth as this, who have the audacity to accuse others of fraud!

This is, however, no more than playing out the game which they begun more than four months ago. Mr. PENDLETON, in a speech at Richmond, a few days ago, produced copies of each of the two LIVES of General CASS, designed one for the North, and the other for the South, both published by the Democratic Committee in this city as long ago as in June last; and we are indebted to a contemporary for the demonstration of this fraud, by the following comparison of the two:

The Pamphlet designed for Northern circulation has neither on page 8 nor anywhere else any allusion to General CASS's letter on the Wilmot Proviso, to Mr. Nicholson, of Tennessee; while that intended for the South carefully notes the fact. The following, which is taken literally from page 8 of the two editions, except the omitted extract of the speech in reply to Mr. Mangum, which the biographer quotes, is submitted for the inspection of the curious:

FOR THE NORTH.

"On the meeting of the present Congress, Gen. Cass was elected Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs—a post for which he was most eminently qualified, and which, as he had been unanimously selected, he considered it his duty to accept. His course as chairman of that Committee, and his views upon the war question, have been in the daily proceedings of the Senate. The following brief reply to Mr. Mangum is probably as good a summary of his opinions as can be given."

[Here follows the extract.]

"On the 28th of March a public meeting was called in Washington city to express the sympathies of the American people with the people of France upon the result of the French Revolution.—General Cass, by his defeat of the Quintuple Treaty of 1841, having *set the ball of revolution in motion* in Europe, was called upon to address the meeting. In the course of his eloquent speech on that occasion he said:

"Throughout a considerable part of Europe man is awaking to a conviction of his rights and to a knowledge of his strength; and with the feeling which these inspire comes the determination to assert the one, and, if necessary, to employ the other. The abuses of centuries are giving way before the progress of the age, and the foundations of Government are investigated with a zeal not to be rebuked, and with a stern purpose which nothing will satisfy but the truth. The great tide of freedom is rolling onwards from the shores of Calabria to the English channel, and institutions originating in barbarous ages and sanctioned by time and habit, but which have sacrificed the happiness of the many to the power of the few, are giving way before it with as little resistance as regret," &c.

FOR THE SOUTH.

"On the meeting of the present Congress, General Cass was elected chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs—a post for which he was most eminently qualified, and which, as he had been unanimously selected, he considered it his duty to accept. His course as chairman of that Committee, and his views upon the war question, have been seen daily in the proceedings of the Senate. The following brief reply to Mr. Mangum is probably as good a summary of his opinions as can be given.'

[Here follows the extract.]

"In December, 1847, General Cass gave his views at length upon the 'Wilmot Proviso,' in a letter to Mr. Nicholson, of Tennessee.—In that letter he avowed himself opposed to the measure, and to the exercise of any legislation by Congress over any of the Territories of the United States, respecting the domestic relations of their inhabitants. He believed that all questions of that nature should be settled by the people themselves, who ought to be allowed 'to regulate their internal concerns in their own way,' and that Congress has no more power to abolish or establish Slavery in such Territories than it has to regulate any other of the relative duties of social life—that of husband and wife, parent and child, or of master and servant. He said, in conclusion:

"'The Wilmot Proviso seeks to take from its legitimate tribunal a question of domestic policy, having no relation to the Union as such, and to transfer it to another, created by the people for a special purpose, and foreign to the subject-matter involved in this issue. By going back to our true principles, we go back to the road of peace and safety.—Leave to the people who will be affected by this question to adjust it upon their own responsibility and in their own manner, and we shall render another tribute to the original principles of our Government, and furnish another guaranty for its permanence and prosperity."

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

In reading the sketches of men, who by the force of native energy, with no inheritance but a will to labour, an iron constitution and the practical ingenuity of directing their efforts where they would not not prove unavailing, have distinguished themselves by their own elevation, from the lower to the higher walks of life, we have frequently thought of one in this city, almost "unnoticed and unknown," who deserves the highest meed of praise, for that persevering industry and practical management, which, surmounting all the mountain obstacles in his path, has elevated him from the most degrading condition rational creatures can be placed in, to a position among his fellows of wealth and respectability. Born a *slave*, he served his master with such fidelity, that at his earnest solicitation, when eighteen years of age, he not only gave him the "privilege" of purchasing *his freedom*, but *favoured* him with a "free pass," and let him go forth into the world to exercise his own ingenuity, in the acquisition of that sum which was to secure to him not the rights and immunities of a citizen, but the privileges of an alien only—exemption from involuntary servitude. He went into the forest and, day after day, swung his axe, until with the most rigid economy of a wood cutter's life, he amassed the number of dollars necessary to purchase that of which he had been robbed—the boon of the Creator to all men.

He then stood no longer in dread of the overseer's lash or the auctioneer's block, and he determined to secure a trade. He indentured himself to a carpenter and joiner and in due course of time became a master workman. Then he went forth into the world with buoyant hopes and bright anticipations, but with what force was his cup of joy dashed to the ground when he found that in a "free" State he could not obtain work; because men who followed his business would not work in a shop with a "nigger." Little had he dreamed of the force of the prejudices against which he then had to struggle. Again and again in our State, he applied for work, and as often was he repulsed because he was a "nigger." His heart sank within him and despondency made almost as great a slave of him as when he worked in the tobacco fields of Kentucky. His plans were frustrated—his hopes blasted—his freedom a mockery. He struggled against the bondage which now drew its chains close around him, and, as ever before, he triumphed.

He had an athletic frame—well knit muscles and a strong arm. He found employment unloading boats on the Cincinnati wharf, and he applied himself with so much alacrity and diligence that he attracted the notice of a merchant who offered him a situation as porter in his store. It was accepted. In his new situation he was as diligent, careful, honest and useful as he had hitherto been under all the burdens in his thorny path, thus far through the journey of life, and he won the confidence and esteem of all who knew him.

Chance threw a small job of carpentering in his way, and he performed it in a manner which greatly astonished his employer, who favoured and assisted him, and he was soon promoted to the situation of master builder on a large warehouse It was completed to the entire satisfaction of the owners. The clouds which obscured his future were now dispersed. A new life opened itself before him. He entered upon it with all the energy, tact and industry which had distinguished his previous career, and he now lives in his own house, has an educated family around him, carries on an extensive and lucrative business, and has distinguished himself as an inventor. He no longer suffers from the sneer of men who will not work with a "nigger."

"Honour and fame
From no condition rise,
Act well your part—here
All the honour lies."

We write this notice with no other motive than to show what obstacles, in this land where the *prestige* of noble "blood" and honourable "titles" has little or no power, a man by his own unassisted efforts may surmount. Let all take courage. The man who from the middle walks of life may so elevate himself as to become a hero able to sound a blast in the trump of fame that shall echo through all the nations of the globe, deserves no higher meed of honour, when we forgot our prejudices, and heed not conventionalities, than the black man, who by his own labour shall purchase his liberty from the tobacco or cotton fields of the South, and at the North, in despite of his colour, make himself a wealthy, honoured, and respected member of Society.—*Cincinnati Times.*

THE PITTSBURG BLOODHOUND AGAIN.

Our "Towser" has issued a famous "bow-wow," in the shape of a long card, in the Chronicle and Post, in which the "undersigned," and plenty more big words figure largely. We would like to give it all, but hate to take up so much room with so small a matter. He says he had seen in the Whig papers for some days, paragraphs charging *one* of the candidates on his ticket with slave-catching, "but conscious the charge could not, with any shadow of truth, he applied to him, he took no farther notice of the paragraphs in question." Mr. Snowden *knew* he was the person spoken of, and went to one whom he thought concerned in getting out the statement, to explain that he had only been "professionally engaged" to aid in taking those slaves. This he did before any notice of the matter appeared in any paper; and he *knew* he was the man, or animal, referred to. But when the "Visiter" was placed in the hands of "the undersigned," "the undersigned" deemed it due to "the undersigned"'s own self, and several other people, "to seize the earliest opportunity of giving to the whole charge against him, in the article in question, a public, positive, direct and unconditional denial," declaring, "it is from first to last, from beginning to end, in its general scope, and in all its parts and particulars, utterly, absolutely and entirely untrue—a tissue of wilful and unmitigated falsehoods." Wonder if that means "You lie, Madam?" Then again. "The undersigned (that undersigned is a great fellow,) has further determined to institute legal proceedings for the wrong which has been thus wantonly done him: by means of which, while the will effectually vindicate his own character, his calumniators will have an opportunity of proving the truth of their charges, if they can," which being interpreted, means "I'll sue you and put you to the proof." After all this blustering, and ever so many more words, the little gentleman says he wants "no intercourse with the ostensible editors of the Visiter!" Ostensible! ostensible! What *does* that mean? We have been called the "fair editor of the Visiter," its "talented editor," &c. &c., and Mr. Foster once called us "amiable," and all these names make us very saucy; but to be an "*ostensible editor*," must mean something very nice, and it appears to be a protective from canine attacks. Towser calls for "the names of some persons of character who will be responsible to him and the community for the wrong done him, to substitute as defendants in place of " ourself " in the legal proceedings which he contemplates."

Oh dear! Where will he find names enough to be responsible for so mighty a matter? But as the kind of proceedings he intends to institute, appears to look towards pecuniary recompense, we have laid fast a $5 note on the "Bank of Norwalk" which is surely enough to pay for any damage which *could* be done to the character of a prating petti-fogger, who is known to have been, more than once, the paid hireling of slaveholders, to re-take the panting, houseless fugitive, or prosecute the philanthropist, who had given food and shelter to God's outcast poor. If our appropriation should come short, a friend has promised to get us a $10 bill on Gallipoliss; so that there is no reason why Mr. Snowden should postpone his proceedings an hour. We have been told, as coming from him, that if we made any "arrangement," no proceedings would be began. And what does making an *arrangement* mean? We made our statement last week upon what seemed to us good and sufficient evidence—fully convinced of the *truth* of the charge we made against Mr. Snowden. We have seen no reason to change our opinion; and if we *knew* the testimony would not sustain us in a libel suit, being ourself so fully persuaded of the truth of our words, we would stand by them and take the consequence. We have no personal ill-will to Mr. S.—, would not know him if we saw him—have the utmost respect for many of his friends and connections, and yet we here brand him "slave-catcher." What are he and his friends, in the great scale of humanity, more than those whom he has been "*professionally engaged*" to return to bondage, worse than death? Beautiful professional engagements! That fellow in Alabama, who advertises his pack of bloodhounds, to hunt runaways by the day, hopes to have them "professionally engaged."

Mr. Snowden tries to be very witty and severe about our calling some of our friends "cowardly men."—Their cowardice consisted in their fear that we should get into trouble. They wanted us not to meddle with the matter, but leave it to be arranged after their fashion; and some of them talked of taking him up for kidnapping. We waited a week on them, and then "took the responsibility" which we shall not shirk, or shift to any other; and no one, who knows us, dare offer to relieve us of any thing we had commenced, as if we feared to go through with it. As to his hostages to secure any of our friends against "personal chastisement." "Carry me back to ole Virginey—To ole Virginey shore."—(*Mrs. Swisshelm's*) *Pittsburg Visiter.*

THOSE "LEGAL PROCEEDINGS,"

Which Mr. Snowden had "determined to institute!" What has become of them? We have been waiting for them as patiently as possible; and think he has had ample time. We cannot "let the matter rest," as we have *been* often urged to do. We have publicly charged Mr. Snowden with a serious crime. He has publicly charged us with one as serious, viz: "an unmitigated and wilful falsehood." No charge of slander or falsehood ever rested upon our name, nor shall it. It is due to ourself and the community, that we make public the grounds upon which we made so serious a statement. We hold ourself responsible, both to the laws of God and man; and claim no immunity to injure the humblest creature that lives. We claim no right to drag the private affairs of any one before the public, unless fully convinced the cause of truth and humanity demand the exposure. Such a case we think Mr. Snowden's to be. We have deliberately made the charge, and he *must* meet the proof, either before a jury or before the public. It would doubtless be better for him, that it comes before a court, as by legal quibbles, much evidence can be excluded there, which the public will readily admit. He *must* prove us a *liar*, or we *will* prove him a slave-catcher. It is thought by many, that he cannot enter suit, because he was a candidate at the time the charge was made,—that circumstance making his character a kind of public property, for any one to assail. Some lawyers have given this as their opinion. Now, we would scorn to take such advantage of any one. You are no candidate now, Mr. Snowden, and I tell you, you were employed by slaveholders to ferret out runaway slaves—that you bribed a drunken negro to aid you in the business, and took him out of jail, on false pretences, for this purpose, that at your instance, he took Jerry Scott to an eating cellar and kept him until midnight. When in returning home, over the wire bridge, you and two others met him—caught, gagged and forcibly put him into a carriage, which drove away with him and two of your accomplices, while you stayed behind and gave the other—the negro—a thirty dollar note, for his trouble. All this you did last August. You are the paid hireling, who is prosecuting James McMasters for giving shelter to a fugitive; and I have very good reason to believe, that you have been in the habit of scenting out runaways and writing to their masters to inform them of their slave's whereabout, and get a job in retaking them. I tell you to your teeth, Towser, you are a trained, practised slave-catcher. Sheriff Forsyth knows the road to our house. I ask no favors from you, and will show you none.—*Ibid.*

WILL SMITH O'BRIEN BE HANGED?

The following report of a meeting held in Dublin on the 12th inst., at the house of our friend and correspondent, Richard D. Webb, which we extract from *Saunders' News Letter* of the 13th, may throw some light on the intentions of the Government, in regard to the fate of William Smith O'Brien.

Yesterday a meeting for the purpose of promoting a public expression of feeling, in accordance with the recommendation of the jury, in the case of Mr. William Smith O'Brien, was held at the residence of Mr. Richard D. Webb, No. 176 Great Brunswick street, at one o'clock. The requisition convening the meeting expressed a hope that all who felt interested in the object would attend, without reference to sect or party. There was a numerous attendance. Amongst those present were Sherman Crawford, M. P., the Hon. Cecil Lawless, M. P., —— Scully, M. P., James Haughton, Richard D. Webb, C. S. Ralph, Dr. Mulhall, Rev. Mr. Fleury, Rev. Dr. Spratt, &c.

The chair was taken by William Sherman Crawford, Esq. The Chairman said he would wish, on taking the chair to represent to them the great responsibility of their proceeding on that occasion. A rash word, or a rash expression, might do infinite damage; (hear, hear;) and he hoped every gentleman there would abstain from any allusion whatever of a political character, and would confine himself solely to the object for which he believed that meeting was held, to consider the best means of supporting the recommendation to mercy which had been tendered by the jury in the case of Mr. Smith O'Brien. He should now be happy to hear a proposition from any of those gentlemen who were the originators of the meeting.

Mr. JAMES HAUGHTON read a draft of a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant to the following effect:—

"May it please your Excellency—we, the undersigned, inhabitants of Dublin, address your Excellency as the representative in Ireland of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. We fully concur in the recommendation of the jury by whom William Smith O'Brien was found guilty of high treason, and we humbly and earnestly entreat the exercise of her Majesty's gracious prerogative of mercy in his favour."

They had endeavoured to make the address as short and as little liable to objection as might be, and it was for the meeting to decide whether that was a suitable address, or whether one of a different character should be prepared.

Mr. ROWLAND (solicitor) suggested that the address should commence with the words, "Nobility, clergy, and gentry, and inhabitants of Dublin." He felt great pleasure in having to say that there was the strongest hope that a vast number of the Roman Catholic dignitaries, and the Earl of Fingal, who were then meeting in another part of the city, would co-operate in the objects of that meeting, if an address were approved of, of the above short description. The Rev. Drs. Murray and Cantwell had also promised to give their support in such a case.

Mr. WHITE.—I dont know if it be right to remind the meeting that the recommendation of the jury was only in favour of saving Mr. O'Brien's life; and that they ought to consider whether the memorial ought to go further than that.

Mr. LARKIN suggested the appointment of a committee to consider any proposed alteration in the address, and also that it should be for the consideration of the meeting whether they would delay a few hours, until another of the trials had been concluded, in order to have an opportunity of making the memorial more general.

CHAIRMAN—I would recommend this meeting to confine itself to the one object which we have been called for. You will only embarrass yourselves by endeavouring to extend it to the other cases. If it be the wish of the meeting that the other suggestion as to referring the preparation of the memorial to a committee, should be put from the chair, I will put it.

Mr. HAUGHTON thought that such committee would have no grounds to go on until the sentiments of the meeting had been first ascertained. He would suggest that gentlemen should be very careful about bringing anything into the address that was not exactly to the point as to Mr. O'Brien's life. (Hear, hear.) They should bear in mind that the recommendation of the jury did not enter into any question, but merely said that his life ought to be spared. They, (the meeting) said nothing else. If his life should be spared, either through the exertions of the meeting, or through the lately arrived at decision of the ministry, it would be a happy circumstance; and they could afterwards, at the proper time, apply for some mitigation of whatever punishment he should afterwards become liable to. Mr. Haughton then moved the adoption of the memorial as he had read it.

It was suggested that the words "high treason," occurring in the memorial, should be omitted. The recommendation was agreed to, and the memorial altered accordingly.

Mr. MALLEY (Barrister) said it occurred to him that they ought to give his Excellency a species of indemnity for exercising his prerogative by declaring that the people of Ireland—and, if possible, the people of England, ought to be included also—did not require that the extreme penalty of the law should be carried into execution against Mr. O'Brien for their security. Indeed he (Mr. M) thought that any man who looked back on the events of the last six weeks or two months must be satisfied that the Government is perfectly well secured—(a voice—question)—and, therefore, it was quite unnecessary, for any public purpose, to carry the penalty of the law into effect against Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. S. C. RALPH said that the address which had been read to them by Mr. Haughton had been considered long and carefully before it was brought forward; and inasmuch as it had not been assumed that that would be a meeting of conservatives or repealers, or any other particular class of the community, (hear, hear) it was thought best to make the terms of the memorial as general as possible, in order to include all classes. It was clear that individuals in that meeting might entertain strong opinions one way or another; but it was equally clear that if those opinions were in any way expressed in the proposed memorial, one party would sign it whilst another would object to doing so. To obviate that difficulty, and to succeed in promoting the object contemplated, namely, the preservation of the life of a most honourable man, (hear, hear) the memorial had been framed in a general manner, so as to include all persons whatsoever, irrespective of sect or party.

The CHAIRMAN said it would be much better not to introduce anything like the expression of a political opinion into the memorial. He (the chairman) was of one opinion, but another person, of a different opinion from him, might object to signing anything which might seem to bind him to opinions different from his own.—He (the chairman) felt such a deep interest and responsibility on that occasion that he anxiously urged on the meeting to abstain from adding to the memorial an expression of any political opinion whatever. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. MALLEY withdrew the observations which he had made.

It was remarked that if they saved Mr. O'Brien's life, they would do very little for him.

A VOICE.—We will take it as an instalment.

The CHAIRMAN said that if they wished to have any success, they must not attempt any kind of dictation.—(Hear, hear.) It would take away one great inducement to mercy on the part of the crown, if they or any body whatever were to adopt any course that could be considered as dictation to the crown in the course it might follow. Therefore the more simple the address was the better.

The memorial was then unanimously adopted in the following form:—

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CLARENDON, LORD LIEUTENANT AND GOVERNOR GENERAL OF IRELAND.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—We, the undersigned, consisting principally of inhabitants of Dublin and and its vicinity, address your Excellency as the representative, in Ireland, of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. We fully concur in the recommendation of the jury by whom William Smith O'Brien has been found guilty, and we humbly and earnestly entreat the exercise of her Majesty's gracious prerogative of mercy in his favour."

The question of appointing a committee to carry out the objects of the meeting by obtaining signatures to the memorial, then came to be considered.

Dr. NUTTALL said there was a report that the execution of Mr. O'Brien was to take place on Saturday next. The less time they (the meeting) lost the better.

The Hon Mr. LAWLESS said that it would be very expedient to appoint a deputation from that meeting to wait on the Lord Lieutenant for the purpose of ascertaining when it would suit his Excellency's convenience to receive another deputation bearing the memorial fully signed; and also of enquiring whether there was any foundation in the rumour that a warrant for the execution of Mr. O'Brien had gone down to the country. Mr. Lawless also mentioned that Colonel Dunn, and Mr. O'Brien, M. P. for Cashel, were anxious to promote the object of that meeting, and would act on the deputation. The Lord Mayor ought also be nominated to act on it.

A sub-committee, consisting of Charles S. Ralph, Matthew White, J. P. Boland, Daniel Sullivan, William Longfield, J. O'Shaughnessy, and Richard England, with power to add to their numbers, was then appointed to procure signatures to the memorial.

The following deputation to wait on his excellency the Lord Lieutenant, in furtherance of the object of that meeting, was then appointed:—Hon. Mr. Lawless M. P.; Colonel Dunn, W. Sharman Crawford, Alderman O'Brien, M. P.; Francis Scully, M. P.; James Haughton, and the Lord Mayor. It was understood that the mission of the above deputation was to ascertain when his excellency would receive the second deputation was the memorial fully signed, and to inquire into the truth of the rumour respecting the warrant for Mr. O'Brien's execution.

The following note was received from Lord Cloncurry:—

"Lord Cloncurry begs to second the recommendation of the jury in favour of mercy to Mr. William Smith O'Brien.
"Maretimo, 12th October."

The Chairman then vacated the chair, and the usual vote of thanks was passed to him; and a vote of thanks was also passed to Mr. Webb, for his kindness in affording the use of his rooms.

The deputation then withdrew, for the purpose of proceeding to the Castle.

The gentlemen who volunteered to act on the special committee received printed copies of the memorial, and went through town for the purpose of obtaining signatures to it.

At four o'clock the deputation returned.

Mr. CRAWFORD announced that the deputation was detained a considerable time in consequence of his excellency being out, but on his return they received a message from him that he would receive them. The memorial adopted there that day had previously been sent in to his excellency. When he received the deputation, he (Mr. Crawford) explained that the reason of their having come so promptly was, that a report had been mentioned at the meeting that a warrant had issued for the execution of Mr. O'Brien, for which reason the meeting requested that the deputation should immediately wait on his excellency for the purpose of inquiring, first, whether there was any truth in that report with regard to the warrant; and, secondly, whether his excellency would be pleased to receive a deputation on a future day to present the memorial, after it had received more extensive signature. His excellency in reply, said, first, *he had no hesitation in stating that the report of any warrant having been sent down, was entirely false and unfounded; and secondly, that he should be happy to receive the deputation to present the memorial as soon as it was signed to the extent that was desired; and when he should be informed of its being ready for presentation, he would himself name the time.*

THE LORD MAYOR—It is necessary to add one word—his Excellency said *he was happy to say that the report alluded to was false.*

MR. HAUGHTON—There also appeared in his manner an anxiety to convey to us, that reports of various kinds were circulated for improper purposes, without there being any truth in them.

ALDERMAN O'BRIEN—His Excellency also mentioned that *he had had no official communication with the judges, beyond a mere statement as to the verdict, without the usual intimation in such cases.*

Mr. CRAWFORD—I do not know that he said that; but I understood him to say that the point was under consideration, and that he would rule it according as he believed that the national interest and public policy required.

A question then arose as to the expediency of the deputation waiting on his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, for the purpose of soliciting his signature, with that of other members of the Protestant Church, to the memorial.

A gentleman present suggested that the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College should also be waited upon for the same object and mentioned that there had been some disposition manifested within college on the previous day, to get up an expression of feeling similar to that of the meeting of that day.

It was ultimately arranged that the dignitary mentioned above, and also the most Rev. Dr. Murray R. C. C. Archbishop of Dublin, should be immediately waited on in reference to the memorial.

THE INTER STATE SLAVE TRADE—SLAVE MARKETS.

The increase of all the slaves in the United States in ten years, ending with 1800,—was 35 1-2 per cent: on the ten years ending with 1810 it was 35 4-5 per cent: in the next ten ending with 1820, it was 35 1-2 per cent: in the next ten ending with 1830, it was 32 per cent.—and between 1830 and 1840 it was but 24 1-8 per cent., I suppose from the extraordinary mortality growing out of the suffering incidental to the American domestic slave trade. The greater part of the horror of this trade has not been recorded on earth, but the record of which in Heaven will yet blacken the gaze of somebody. The census of 1840 discloses the astounding fact the increase of the slave population in the ten years then terminated, was less than 25 per cent.; from which it would appear that the extra waste of human life during this decade was equal to 7 per cent of the entire mass of slaves, or 139,298. The following table shows the proper increase based upon that of the former ten years, viz: 32 per cent., and the actual increase in the state of population in 1840. It shows as much as such documents can do, what each State has lost below, and what each State has gained above its proper increase, proving the amount of the mitigation of the slave population in ten years by moving with the planters to the new States at the South and South West:

SLAVE EXPORTING STATES.

States.	Slaves 1830	Proper No. 1840	Actual No. 1840	Deficy.
Delaware	3,292	4,345	2,605	1,740
Maryland	102,994	125,952	89,485	46,457
D. Colum	6,119	8,177	4 694	3,483
Virginia	469,757	620,019	448,987	171,092
N Carolina	245,601	324,193	245,817	78,376
S. Carolina	315,401	416,329	327,038	89,291
Georgia	317,539	287,140	289,944	6,196
Kentucky	165 243	218,081	182,072	26,009
Tennessee	141,603	186,919	183,059	3,847
	1,667,511	2,201,212	1,764,711	436,501

The three last named are large States, that fifteen years since had new lands to be taken up, consequently till 1840 nearly absorbed their own natural increase, but then began to be in a very slight degree slave exporting States. Providing the new comparatively unsettled States with 436,581 slaves in ten years, no wonder that the slave breeding and slave extending interest in these States should be fond of prohibiting the importation of slaves from Africa! No wonder that eastern Virginia slaveholders boast of having first denounced the importation of slaves from Africa as piracy! Let us see what account the census makes of those exported, by examining the returns of the slave buying and slave carrying trade:

SLAVE EXPORTING STATES.

States.	Slaves 1830	Proper No. 1840	Actual No. 1840	Gain
Alabama	117 549	155,164	253 532	98 368
Missouri	65 659	86 660	195,211	108,541
Louisiana	109 588	104 656	165,218	20,563
Missouri	25,091	33,120	58,240	25,120
Arkansas	4,596	6,040	19 935	13,895
Florida	15,501	20,461	25,559	5,098
	337,964	446,111	717,696	271,585

From this it appears that, although the more northern slave States had parted with 436,501, the more new and southwestern slave States show a gain of only 271,585 in 1840. The deficiency of 164,916 between the loss of one section and gain by the other, can only be explained by a loss of life equal to it. This mass of humanity of 164,916 men, women and children were actually killed and worn out prematurely on the cotton and sugar plantations of the far South in ten years! If this is so, and I ask candid men if it is not, let us in all conscience *abolish the market* for slaves, whether coming from Africa or our own States, by making all our territories free by act of Congress. The effect of this will be to confine slaves *as such*, to the States, now existing, where, by reason of *their multiplication within them*, two powerful causes will be operating upon their masters toward emancipation—the fall of price, and fears of insurrection.

The whole number of slaves in 1840 was 2,481,000. The increase from 1840 to 1850, at 25 per cent., will be 620,250. The increase up to 1848 at that rate is 496,200, showing the whole number now to be 2,977,200.—At $400 per head, on the average, we show their aggregate money value to their masters to be $1,190,000,000. Giving ten slaves to each owner, and there appears to be 297,720 slaveholders, adults, men, women and infants. On the average, therefore, each owner has a property in slaves of $4,763. The opening of California and New Mexico as a slave market would probably raise the value of slaves 33 1 2 per cent. Each owner, therefore, has a momentary interest of $1,584 to make them slave marts. If Slavery was prohibited to day in all the territories, and the market for them thus restricted to State limits, their price would in five years hence probably fall 33 1-2 per cent. below their present value; showing an immediate and prospective monetary interest in the decision of the question of Slavery or freedom in the territories, of $3,168 to each slave owner, and an aggregate interest of $793,333,336; and if this question shall be determined in favour of freedom, the value of slave property in this Union will be reduced in five years to one half what it would be otherwise.—*Buffalo Republic.*

GREELEY'S PROCLAMATION TO THE BUCKEYES.

Alas! poor Greeley! All is gone but his vanity of vanities! Who will hereafter give him credit for a farthing's worth of principle? He has tried to please all his customers, without even pleasing himself or them.—He has wiggled, and squirmed, and twisted, and untwisted, and shrunk, and dodged, and darted, and crinkled about so nimbly that no mortal could tell where was his head or where his tail, or which was which. Parties could no more count him than Patrick could his capering pig, that would not stand still long enough to be looked at.

Without question, Mr. Greeley is a remarkable man; but if his activity and enterprise are extraordinary, they are so at the expense of his discretion, and somewhat resemble the speed and energy of a watch when the balance-wheel is missing. Often as we have heard him spoken of in the flux and reflux of his recent editorials, we have not had the luck to hear a word of respect, but many of intense contempt for such a whiffler in politics, and such a trifler with principles. But he is now rusted on his pivot. What principles could not do, a nomination to Congress *must* do. Necessity is laid upon him, and woe is to him if he does not preach and practice Taylorism, at least till after election—the end of time to a Janus-faced politician and calculating candidate.

Few who sink gradually, fall so fast as poor Greeley, after he got a going. He had far to fall, and but a little time to get to the bottom. Necessity, therefore, accounts for the speed, if it does not justify the plunge. Only a little while ago, and he was at the tip-top of *social* agrarianism; and now down he has descended—down, down, down—to advance a large land-holder and man-holder to the highest power and influence; to convert free territory into large plantations for slaves to delve in all their lives, with no land of their own, and never to have once inch—no pay for a whole life's labour—no socialism but the cutting up and dispersion of families, no one knows whither, under the auctioneer's hammer, or at the will of a despot who allows not a soul of them any right but to be driven to a hard unrequited service, by an overseer, for the benefit and behoof of a sovereign lord and master! Verily, Horace, thou hast tumbled farther and faster than any man of thy time, whom the public has suffered to assume so pompous a port and swell into such empty dimensions! In a few weeks, thou hast run down the whole scale of politics, from the boiling point of free-soil socialism, through fever-heat, blood-heat, temperate, and freezing, to zero: and now, by thy last downward leap, thou art frozen, a solid Taylorite, in the ball, and canst go down no further. When, or to what, thou shalt be thawed from thy mercurial bulb, no political chymist can so much as guess.

But now will Ohio, *free* Ohio, receive the coaxing, frightening, flattering, and thoroughly stupid and unprincipled rescript of the Tribune? Did its editor's vanity so addle his head as to persuade him that a conceited contradictory *pronunciamento* from one who had just turned traitor to himself and liberty, would addle Ohio, too, and corrupt that great and noble State, the first-born of the "Ordinance of '87," from her native love of freedom, to the baseness of his own degeneracy? Poor Greely! Vanity has done a million foolish things; but, to her praise be it spoken, not often one so silly and so unprincipled as that which caunonizes a thorough-bred slaveholder and slave-extentionist into the guardian genius of Free Soil, with the hope that Ohio will fall down and worship it!

And, hast thou, Horace, found out, at fifty-nine minutes past eleven, political time, that the South *cares nothing to extend Slavery!*—that the South *only* wishes to have the *right* to extend it, without the will to *use* the right! Indeed! The South all at once *indifferent* to the very thing she has achingly hungered and thirsted after, for so many greedy and impatient years! The South indifferent to what is close to her clutch, after such labours and sacrifices! after unconstitutionally plunging the country into a bloody war, at the expense of two hundred millions of dollars, for no other purpose under heaven but to rob Mexico of her Free Soil, for the extension of Slavery, and the ascendancy of the slave States over the free! Verily, Mr. Tribune, if thou art not a knave, what can'st thou be? Thou hast an "execrable shape." Poor Greeley! How art thou fallen! If we must have Taylor men, let us have consistent, original ones, dyed in the wool, and not a changling, coming yesterday as an "angel of light," and to day "squat like a toad."—*Correspondent Christian Citizen.*

THE CASE STATED.—Mr. Butler, Senator from South Carolina, in his place in the U. S. Senate, on August 10, 1748, is reported to have said:

"Sir, pass your law excluding Slavery from New Mexico and California, I would advise my constituents from South Carolina to go out there with their slave property, and with arms in their hands to protect their rights in those territories. I would recommend them to go out there *armed to the teeth* to defend themselves. How would you oust them from these territories?"

Again. "Sir, whatever law you may pass, excluding Slavery, I would advise our brethren of the South to set aside that law, and go armed into the territory, ready to defend themselves and their property. You may call this nullification, or whatever else you please, but this is what I should do. Gentlemen propose to admit *Irish, Scotch, Germans, Dutch, all the refuse population of Europe*, if they choose to go and settle in those territories: But a *gentleman* from the South and *his negroes* are to be excluded."

THE BOSTON MOB, OF 1835.

Since the discussion relative to Mr. Van Buren's pro-slavery, considerable interest has been excited in reference to the mob of "property and standing," which put down the meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society. We therefore re-publish, from the *Boston Atlas*, of Oct. 22, 1835, the following account of the affair. It is an interesting narrative, and serves to show the strong Anti-Slavery character of the Atlas, in that day. The italics are our own.—*Boston Republican.*

PROCEEDINGS IN THE CASE OF WILLIAM L. GARRISON. *The Abolitionists succeeded in producing another disturbance in our city yesterday.* After the appearance of a succession of *inflammatory articles* in the Liberator, highly insulting to the feelings of a great majority of our fellow citizens, attacking with a frantic maliciousness their character and motives, manifesting *an insolent defiance of public opinion, and a determination to persist in braving it*—a notice was yesterday issued, that the Female Anti-Slavery Society would hold a meeting that afternoon, when it would be addressed by several gentlemen. In consequence of this notice, and of the general suspicion that the *notorious Thompson* would be present on the occasion, a large assemblage of citizens collected in front of the building, No. 46 Washington street, with the determination of intercepting the foreign *felon* as he entered the door. Soon afterwards, several individuals among the crowd went up into the hall of the Abolitionists, and threw out of the window all the tracts and papers of the society, which were speedily destroyed by those in the street.

The assemblage, in the meantime, speedily increased. Several gentlemen, at the suggestion of the Mayor, took down the sign, bearing the words 'Anti-Slavery Rooms,' and threw it into the street. It was dashed into a thousand splinters by the crowd.

At one time we should think that from four to five thousand persons were assembled in the street. The Mayor made his appearance at the portico, and addressed the multitude in a brief and judicious speech. He called upon the people to sustain him in the preservation of good order, and in maintaining the supremacy of the laws. His address was calculated to exercise a good effect, and was received with applause. The crowd however, did not disperse. We should not omit to state, that the occupants of the stores in the vicinity of the Anti-Slavery rooms, petitioned the Mayor and Aldermen, previous to the meeting, setting forth that their property was in danger, in consequence of the general apprehension of a riot, and praying for protection. The city authorities did not consider themselves empowered to comply with the request contained in the petition.

One word with regard to certain imputations which concern ourselves. Several persons—Abolitionists in disguise, we presume—their names are known—were heard, while the excitement ran highest, actively giving circulation to the report, that the Atlas had been mainly instrumental in getting up the disturbance; that it was an 'Atlas mob,' and produced by 'Atlas influence' The charge is hardly worth refuting, and it would be almost presumptuous in us to consider it seriously. *That we have repeatedly exposed the true character and tendency of the doctrines of the Abolitionists—that we have published the recent developments in relation to the career of* THE FELON THOMPSON, *which have been confirmed by abundant testimony—that we have avowed our unswerving fidelity to the Union and the Constitution, and opposed all measures, which threaten their permanence—are charges, which, 'we shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny.'*

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE!

GENERAL TAYLOR AGAINST THE WILMOT PROVISO.

Rather an important revelation as to the real views on the Proviso of the candidate of such good Free Soil men as Webster, Corwin, Seward, and Greeley, has just been made in Virginia. Here are the facts:—

At a Taylor meeting in Orange, Virginia, Dr. Pannill read a letter to himself from General Taylor, in which the General took ground distinctly *against the Proviso!*

A dispute arose soon afterwards, as to whether any such letter was in existence. In reply to an enquiry addressed to him by "A Democrat," in the *Richmond Enquirer* of the 26th ultimo, Dr. Pannill writes in that paper of the 28th:

ORANGE COUNTY, Sept. 28.

To "A Democrat" of Culpepper:

SIR:—Your communication, addressed to me, and published in the Richmond Enquirer of the 26th instant, requesting the publication of a letter in my possession, from General Taylor, is so respectful and complimental, that I cannot suffer it to pass unnoticed.

If I had an assurance that you, my friends of the Enquirer, and other Democrats, would be made good Taylor men by the publication of this letter, then there would be a strong inducement for me to yield to your polite request; but I feel confident that, though the views expressed in this letter might be IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOURS, in relation to the subject treated of, (THE WILMOT PROVISO,) yet your political hostility to the brave old man would be unabated. You will, therefore, excuse me for not complying with your request; inasmuch, too, as I stated to General Taylor that I did NOT DESIRE A REPLY FROM HIM FOR NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION. Suffice it to say, for the present in the language of a distinguished Democrat, (General Smith,) applied to General Taylor, that he is "pure gold."

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
DAVID PANNILL.

The decisive facts in this manner are: 1st—That Dr. Pannill has a letter from General Taylor, on the Wilmot Proviso; 2dly—That it was so decidedly Pro-Slavery in its views, that the Doctor read it at a Taylor meeting in Orange county, Virginia; and 3dly—That he declines to publish it, only because it was not intended "for newspaper circulation."

Is not this enough?—*Campaign of Freedom.*

EMANCIPATION IN KENTUCKY.—A correspondent writing from Frankfort, to the Louisville Courier, says:

Now, that the election is over, and it has become a "fixed fact" that we are to have a convention to form a new constitution, the changes in the present constitution, is a subject of very frequent discussion in the streets, in bar rooms, and other places where people congregate to kill off a half an hour of leisure time. The gradual emancipation of slaves seems to be the all absorbing question; and from all I can learn from persons who live in different portions of the State, that will be the great question next summer in the election of members of that convention.

During the last and previous winters, the friends of the convention assembled here, issued a *pronunciamento* that the Slavery question should not enter into the canvass, not to be considered as one of the reforms they desired to bring about. The people, however, will not be controlled or hemmed in by the articles of faith promulged in the document referred to. I think the Slavery question will be the only exciting question in the convention. Those in favour of gradual emancipation will not urge that the present generation of slaves are to be made free, but that all born after some period to be fixed, say 1855 or '50, should be free at the age of 25 years.

Now, when it is recollected that slaves are regarded as very unsafe property on the Ohio river, and for one hundred miles back, and that four fifths of the voters of Kentucky are non slaveholders, the presumption may be indulged, by those in favour of gradual emancipation, that a majority of the members of the convention will be in favour of their peculiar notions. The great body of foreigners who support themselves by daily labour may be counted in opposition to Slavery, and in favour of gradual emancipation.

SINGULAR.—A St. John's [Newfoundland] paper publishes the following extract of a letter from Bonavista, dated 26th September: "On Sunday last, between the hours of 3 and 4 in the afternoon, a most strange phenomenon [if it may be so called] was observed here, namely the sudden receding of a water in this harbour, to such a frightful extent that some of the boats grounded at their moorings on the collars, and by return or flow of the water in a few minutes, to a considerable extent, covering the bedding or floor of the fishing stages in the plece.

Another extract, 26th September, from the place, says:

"A most singular occurrence took place here yesterday [Sunday,] 24th. The wind in the morning was from the southward, a light breeze with very heavy rain; about twelve o'clock it veered suddenly round to North west and blew hard. One boat had come in the evening before from the Bay, with a load of timber, and was at her usual place; all at once the tide ran out of the harbours, so that a person may walk out to the stage heads.

"One boat lay aground on the collar, at her moorings. In about ten minutes more it ran in again, and rose up so high that it ran up Walkham's Brook into the pond, and continued rising and falling alternately, every ten minutes or so, nearly all the afternoon. Some of the people say it was something as it was the year Lisbon was destroyed. I hear a similar occurrence took place at Catalina, and some damage sustained."

We understand, says the *Halifax Recorder*, that an equally sudden and unaccountable rise of the tide was observed to take place in this harbour on the same day, but no damage was sustained in consequence of it.

EMIGRANTS FOR TEXAS.—A Dublin letter in the *London Chronicle*, announces the approaching departure of an emigrating body of superior class for Texas, including "some persons in the rank of gentry," one gentleman who has been a member of Parliament, three Justices of the Peace, persons heretofore connected with mercantile and banking establishments, and a number of well-to-do farmers. A clergyman of the established Church will accompany the party, with the design to become their pastor in the new home to which they are going, where the lands intended to be occupied have already been purchased. This movement seems to attract some attention, as the beginning of a "break up" among the gentry and middle classes.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1848.

To John G. Palfrey.

I.

There are who triumph in a losing cause,
Who can put on defeat, as 'twere a wreath
Unwithering in the adverse popular breath,
Safe from the blasting demagogue's applause;
'Tis they who stand for Freedom and God's laws:
And so stands Palfrey now, as Marvell stood,
Loyal to Truth dethroned, nor could be wooed
To trust the playful tiger's velvet paws:
And if the second Charles brought in decay
Of ancient virtue, if it well might wring
Souls that had broadened 'neath a nobler day,
To see a losel, marketable King
Fearfully watering with his realm's best blood
Cromwell's quenched thunderbolts, that erst had flamed,
Scaring through all their depths of courtier mud,
Europe's crowned bloodsuckers;—how more ashamed
Ought we to be, who see Corruption's flood,
Still rise o'er last year's mark to mine away
Our brazen idols' feet of treacherous clay!

II.

O, utter degradation! Freedom turned
Slavery's vile bawd, to cozen and betray
To the old lecher's clutch a maiden prey,
If so a loathsome pander's fee be earned!
And we are silent, we who daily tread
A soil sublime, at least, with heroes' graves;—
Beckon no more, shades of the noble dead!
Be dumb, ye Heaven-touched lips of winds and waves!
Or hope to rouse some Coptic dullard, hid
Ages ago, wrapt stiffly, fold on fo'd,
With cerements close, to wither in the cold,
Forever hushed, and sunless pyramid!

III.

Beauty and Truth, and all that these contain,
Drop not like ripened fruit about our feet;
We climb to them through years of sweat and pain;
Without long struggle, none did e'er attain
The downward look from Quiet's blissful seat:
Though present loss may be the hero's part,
Yet none can rob him of the victor heart
Whereby the broadrealmed future is subdued
And Wrong, which now insults from triumph's car,
Sending her vulture hope to raven far,
Is made unwilling tributary of Good.

IV.

O, Mother State, how quenched thy Sinai fires!
Is there none left of thy staunch Mayflower breed?
No spark among the ashes of thy sires,
Of Virtue's altarflame the kindling seed?
Are these thy great men, these that cringe and creep,
And writhe through slimy ways to place and power?—
How long, O Lord, before thy wrath shall reap
Our frail-stemed summer prosperings in their flower?
Oh for one hour of that undaunted stock,
That went with Vane and Sydney to the block!
Oh for a whiff of Naseby that would sweep,
With its stern puritan besom, all this chaff
From the Lord's threshing floor!—yet more than half
The victory is attained, when one or two,
Through the fool's laughter and the traitor's scorn,
Beside thy sepulchre can bide the morn,
Crucified Truth, when thou shalt rise anew!

J. R. L.

Prior Foster.

We published some time since, a statement made by Mr. Delany, one of the editors of the *North Star*, touching the character and conduct of Prior Foster, in his labours in behalf of the Manual Labour Institute, which is said to be established at Jackson's Mills, in Michigan, and of which the said Foster is and has been, for several years, the travelling agent It is only proper, that we should also lay before our readers the reply which Mr. Foster has made to these charges, in the columns of the *Liberator*.

These certificates will probably be satisfactory to many people, and will enable Mr. Foster to make a new start, with them as so much additional stock in trade, wherewith to prosecute the business he has followed so successfully for the last four or five years. We are quite sure that the five Boston clergymen who have thus given him a new character, and new means of preying—as we believe it to be—upon the public, have done so with the sole purpose of doing justice to an injured man; but as the only evidence they have of Foster's honesty, is Foster's own word, and documents which Foster presents them from people they never saw, and probably never before heard of, we, for our part, cannot accept such testimony as a sufficient offset to that of a disinterested person—Mr. Delany—whose character is unimpeached, and who has not, apparently, any other than the best motives for exposing what he has assured himself by personal observation, is an arrant swindle. Mr. Delany, we presume, will make, in reply to these certificates, a more minute statement of the result of his inquiries at Jackson's Mills into the affairs of the Woodstock Manual Labour Institute.

In the meantime, though we do not wish to excite any prejudice against Mr. Foster, but are simply desirous that all the evidence in regard to his operations may be fairly weighed, we beg the reader to observe that the certificates of character which he has presented are that and nothing else, and that they are not given by persons who pretend to know anything of the affairs of the Institute, except so far as Mr. Foster has informed them. So far as these persons know, from their own observation—and only two of them profess to have had any—of his character, they may very honestly believe him to be an upright man, but until they can show from some other evidence than that which he brings forward, that the charges made in a special case, are false, their testimony, in his favour, so far as that case is concerned, is good for nothing. But on the other hand, the public should know, that not only Mr Delany has made a distinct charge, but that well known and highly esteemed Missionaries among the coloured people at the West have denounced Foster as a swindler, and declared his pretended school not to be—at the time they wrote, two years ago—in existence. We have moreover made careful inquiries of other missionaries among the coloured people in that region of country, as to Foster's school, and have been assured that they have never heard of any such Institution. Within a month we have asked of a resident at Jackson's Mills for some information as to his scheme, and we could get none but what confirmed the previous accounts that the whole thing is a sham. We do not, of course, ask our readers to take our opinion in regard to this matter, but we wish simply to present to them the reasons which compel us to ask for stronger evidence than Foster has yet given that he is entitled to the confidence of the community. The matter is of some importance, as he has probably collected with in the last five years, some thousands of dollars in this city Philadelphia, and Boston, for his Institute. If he is a swindler, it is well that the fact should be known; and if he is not the charges against him should be more clearly disproved than they are by the following documents:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:

SIR—In reply to the remarks made about me in your paper of the 29th of September, may I ask you to insert the following certificates in your next number? I should have taken earlier notice of your charges against me, but I have been waiting for a reply to my last report to the Trustees of the Woodstock Manual Labour Institute, forwarded from this city a few weeks ago. I expect shortly to receive an acknowledgment of the receipt and approval of that report, which I shall also ask you to publish. Until that arrives, I trust the following communication will be regarded by the public as a sufficient refutation of the charges brought against me in your paper. Through your columns I would ask the editor of the 'North Star' to publish it also.

Respectfully yours,
PRIOR FOSTER, *General Agent.*

Boston, Oct. 1848.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the undersigned, have examined all the books, papers and documents of Mr. Prior Foster, agent of the Woodstock Manual Labour School. Among these papers we find his Annual Reports, as Agent, from his first appointment up to the last year, 1847, with the Trustees accepting and approving the same, with their signatures attached. We find also a written copy of an act incorporating the Woodstock Manual Labour School, passed by the Legislature of Michigan last winter,—said copy being certified by the Secretary of State, and addressed to said Foster in an envelope post marked Lansing, the capital of the State.

We find also, a certificate, dated April 17th, 1848, signed by the President and Secretary of the Board of Trustees, appointing said Foster agent, to travel and collect funds for the Institution: and also another certificate, signed by many of his neighbours, citizens of Woodstock, expressing their confidence in his honesty and integrity, and their testimony to his labours and sacrifices in behalf of the Institution, and the education and elevation on his coloured brethren. We cannot doubt the genuineness of these documents, and from our examination of them, we are led to believe that the remarks made in a late number of your paper about Mr. Foster are unjust to him, and that he is worthy of confidence as an honest man, and of encouragement and sympathy in his present enterprise.

(Rev.) S. K. LOTHORP,
" F. D. HUNTINGTON,
" EDWARD N. KIRK,
" EDWARD BEECHER,
" FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Boston, October 6, 1848.

BOSTON, Oct. 8, 1848.

This is to certify that I have been acquainted with Mr. Prior Foster for some eight years; also know many who have been interested with him in the same enterprise; also the President of the Institution, who was a few years since a settled minister of this city, and is well known here. No one can fail to be well satisfied of Mr. Foster's honesty, by making a few inquiries in this city.

GEORGE N. FLETCHER,
14 Merchants' Exchange, Boston.

OCTOBER 9, 1848.

This may certify, that I have been acquainted with P. Foster for twelve years past—have every reason to esteem him as an upright and and strictly honest man, and was extremely sorry to see the cruel attack upon his character in the Liberator, and hope it may be immediately refuted.

M. A. ADAMS,
42 Spring street, Boston.

P. S. Since the above was prepared, I have received the following, alluded to in my foregoing note:

P. F.

JACKSON'S MILLS, Oct. 2, 1848.

BROTHER FOSTER:

Our mass meeting came off yesterday in good spirit, though our gathering was not large, and the day previous was the meeting of the Trustees, and the following. In the result, Wm. P. Russell was elected President, Wm. W. Jackson Secretary, Joseph Hewit Treasurer; and the following persons were added to the Board of Trustees: John Adams, Dea. Baldwin, Henry M. Wilson, James W. C. Pennington, Asaer Ray. As Agents, Prior Foster, General Agent, James W. C. Pennington and Jasan St. John, Travelling Agents. Whereupon, it was

Voted, That the $200 on hand be appropriated to the payment of Steer and other small debts, and Mr. Russell is to go and see Powers, and get the refusal for a time of said land.

The following were the resolutions passed by said Board:

Resolved, That the Report of Prior Foster, General Agent of the Woodstock Manual Labor Institute, is entirely satisfactory to us, and as more funds are still needed for the accomplishment of the good object for which the Institution was established, therefore we do hereby cordially recommend him to the confidence of all who are interested in the education and elevation of our coloured friends, hoping that they will contribute freely for the accomplishment of this good object.

2. Resolved, That as the W. M. L. Institute has been established for the special benefit of the coloured people, by their friends, without reference to party or sect, we therefore recommend that the views peculiar to any one sect of Christians be not taught at the Institution.

3d, Resolved, That we deeply regret the course taken by one of the editors of the North Star in reference to Prior Foster, Agent of the Woodstock Manual Labour Institute, because we believe that it is calculated to injure the cause which must lie near the heart of every lover of humanity. We also believe the statements made by that paper of August 25 to be incorrect. We are personally acquainted with Prior Foster, and with the Institution, and have entered into a thorough examination of the books and accounts of the Institution, and of the doings of the Agent; no fraud or deception having been discovered by us in the doings of the Agent. We trust the friends of education and of the coloured people will not suffer their minds to be biased by such statements; but reposing confidence in the General Agent, will contribute freely, and thus assist in carrying forward the great and good work which has been commenced. The above resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WM. P. RUSSELL,
JOSEPH HEWIT,
WM. W. JACKSON,
JOSEPH FOSTER,
JASON ST. JOHN,
Trustees.
WM. P. RUSSELL,
President.

Signed by order of the Trustees:
WM. W. JACKSON, *Secretary.*

Shall We Vote?

No non-juring Abolitionist, we trust, is asking himself this question. The man who from indifference usually stays away from the polls; the Whig or Democrat disgusted with the pro slavery trickery and corruption of the party that he has hitherto adhered to; the Liberty party man who has been befooled into the belief that his leaders really meant to stand upon the unconstitutional-ity-of-Slavery platform any longer than was convenient and profitable, and is doubtful now which way to turn; the Leaguer who is debating whether he can ever act against Slavery under the Constitution, to better purpose than with the Free Soilers; all these may and should ask themselves whether it is not their duty next week to do all that one man can for the election of Martin Van Buren. They believe it their right, some of them their duty, to exercise, under this government as now constituted, the privilege of the elective franchise, and so believing they are bound to use it for the highest purpose that they can conceive of. No higher has ever been offered—under the Constitution, be it remembered—since the Union was formed, and probably never will be so long as it lasts, than this of arresting the extension of Slavery. But a non-jurist may not honestly, even for so righteous an end, sacrifice one at least not less so. That the end sanctifies the means, is not Anti-Slavery morality. We have never accepted the least-of-two evils doctrine. We have never justified doing evil that good may come. And surely we ought now to stand steadfast in our faith, when only the *chance* of a good result is offered as a palliation for doing that which we believe to be positively wrong. We are for the first time tempted to abandon our ground; where will the cause be week after next, if next week the few in whose hands it has been, so many years, kept pure and holy, leave it by the way side to follow after the multitude in a new worship? The handfull that we are sure may be left, in any event, faithful by its side, would watch in vain for the return of their old comrades. Of those who leave the cause now, but few, if any will ever find their way back to it. Faithful or faithless now—faithful or faithless forever.

Hopeful as we are of the ultimate result of the Free Soil movement, anxious as we are that it may show a formidable front at the ensuing election, the Disunionists, we trust, will hold fast to their integrity, and stand everywhere as living witnesses before these men who are labouring against the extension of Slavery, to the truth that the Abolition of Slavery is the most certain way to prevent its extension. If the slave in Virginia today is made a freeman, no son of his will be loaded with chains in the years to come, in California or New Mexico. Our duty is to the man of the present; if we are faithful in that, the man of the future needs no care of ours. We have avowed it, year after year, to be a sin in us to support the South, by our oath to the Constitution, in her infernal system of despotism; surely her crime is none the less heinous, because she has proposed to add to it another; and the minor and the later duty can purchase for us no exemption from the greater and the earlier one. Time should have proved to us all ere this, that it is the small band in the van, which open the path and point the way to the multitude that follows. The nearer the crowd approaches to these faithful pioneers the more need is there that they should press right forward, never falling back, never turning to the right hand nor to the left; and the more hope may they have too, that they may lead to the speedy accomplishment of the work which they commenced, if in the end they are as heedless of the voices that beg them to linger, as they were in the beginning of those that commanded them to stop. Though fifteen years have changed commands to entreaties, we must wait till these become cheers, ere it will be safe to heed them.

Annexation of Cuba.

The Tribune publishes the following letter, which comes to it, so it asserts, "from a source which entitles it to implicit credit." So far as Spain is concerned it may be correct, but we have no more doubt that the slaveholders, and their abettors, have long been planning a scheme for the annexation of Cuba, which scheme is nearly ready for presentation to the people for their approval, than we have that Texas is now one of the United States, and was made so by the same parties, and for the same purpose that they seek this alliance with Cuba. The *Sun* and the *Herald* may be, and we have no doubt, are correct as to the main fact, that an attempt is to be made, or is making, for the acquisition of the Island; and so also may this writer be well informed as to the determination of his Government; but negotiation is not the only method of acquiring territory as the history of the annexation of Texas proves. The letter is as follows:

NEW YORK Oct. 31, 1848.

To the Editors of the Tribune:

Gentlemen—As the columns of your paper are always open to the cause of Truth I hope you will not object to the insertion of the following lines, addressed to the Editors of the *Herald* and the *Sun*, by
Your obedient servant, A SPANIARD.

Be assured that certain articles which the *Herald* of this city published a few days ago, respecting a certain negotiation about the Island of Cuba, entered into between this Government and that of Spain, are as absurd as ridiculous, and only originated in the imagination of one of his correspondents at Madrid. Yet as the report in question has found some echo in the American Press, it is proper to stop it at once, before it assumes some sort of consistency, and tries to have some influence in the coming election of President of this Republic.

Without taking any part in the dispute between the *Sun* and *Herald*, (the first charging the second with fabricating the said report, and the latter defending itself by affirming the integrity of its statement as *really* emanating from his correspondent at Madrid,) I can assure both *that so far from entering into any kind of negotiation that may have as an object the alienation of either the Island of Cuba or that of Porto Rico, the Spanish Government is resolved and earnestly determined to refuse to enter into any negotiation of that nature*, no matter by what foreign Government such proposals may be made; since our Government (which can never speculate upon the fate of any portion of its subjects, as if they were barrels of flour or salt beef) would always consider as an insult, both to its sentiments and to its self-respect, any proposition of the kind.

When I speak so positively, it is because I am well acquainted with this matter; it is because it concerns me as a Spaniard; and, lastly, it is because I am better informed about this matter than the Editor of the *Herald*.

But in order to terminate this idle discussion, and prevent farther imposition on the public, I simply propose a fair and disinterested bet—viz:

Let either of the Editors of *Herald* or of the *Sun* deposit $500 in the City Bank and I will deposit an equal sum. The winner will receive back only the $500 he has deposited; for I purpose that the $500 of the looser be delivered to the Mayor of this City, for the benefit of the sick poor in the hospitals; and either of them will win whenever he is able to prove that *the Spanish Government has entered into any negotiation with any foreign power about selling the Island of Cuba.* Of course, if they cannot prove it, they lose.

I even affirm that, so far is the Spanish Governmen from such a mean negotiation, that it has the *will* and the *means* of preserving its rights intact, against the ambition of whatever other nation.

Let then, the *Herald* or the *Sun* accept this bet, and we shall see who is the best informed. My address is left with you. J. M. L.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Cass party in Charleston have held another meeting, which was addressed by Colonel Hayne, and other leading men, advising desperate measures in case the Wilmot Proviso should be adopted. They passed the following Resolutions which we hope the Southern Senators and Representatives may have the courage and the opportunity to follow to the letter.

"That should the Ordinance of 1787, the Wilmot Proviso, or any like restriction be applied to any Territory South of 36 deg. 30 min. North latitude, or any other measure be adopted, directly or indirectly imparing the equality of the Slaveholding States, in our opinion, the Senators and Representatives from such States should, at once, vacate their seats, return to the States they respectively represent, and use their best efforts to bring about a united resistance of the South to such degrading legislation."

THE EDMONDSON SISTERS.—We learn that a *donation* of about 2,000 copies of Houston's Reports of the speeches of Messrs. Hale, Corwin, Niles and Dix in the Senate, and Messrs. Tuck and Giddings in the House of Representatives, of the United States, on the subject of Slavery, has been made in aid of the fund for the redemption of the Edmondson sisters. It is a valuable pamphlet of 64 pages octavo, and may be obtained at the office of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, No. 61 John street. Price 6 1-4 cents, *or more*, at the option of the purchaser.

They have also been left for sale at our office, 142 Nassau street, and at the office of the Ladies' Wreath, No. 162 Nassau street.

NEAR THE TRUTH.—The *London Times* says in reference to the approaching Presidential election, "that of the three millions of voters, scarcely one knows his own principles." It would have hit nearer the mark if it had said that of the three millions of voters, but a very small proportion have any principles at all.

The (Hartford) *Charter Oak* says that "every Liberty paper in the Union has come cordially into the support of Mr. Van Buren." There are now then only six professedl Anti-Slavery papers in this country—six, that is, devoted to the cause of Emancipation, viz.: the *Louisville (Kentucky) Examiner, (Salem Ohio) Bugle, (Rochester) North Star, Pennsylvania Freeman, Liberator and Standard.*

HON. DIXON H. LEWIS U. S. Senator from Alabama, died in this city on Wednesday of last week, and was buried at Greenwood Cemetry with public honours.

To Correspondents.

J. McF. $2. pays to the present number.

K. G. His request is attended to, and he will receive a satisfactory explanation from A. & B. by letter.

A. Q. T. It was a mistake which we regret exceedingly and have rectified.

E. G.—They arrived fortunately in good time, as their testimony is of great importance. What the result will be is very doubtful. We shall write as soon as it is announced.

E. L. F. The name shall be entered on our gratuitous list. We are much gratified at her testimony on the question referred to, not because we wish others to be proved to be in the wrong, and we in the right, but because we believe in the truth of the maxim, *fiat justitia.* We have no doubt the time will come when in this matter the truth will be clear to all eyes.

Notes on New Books.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS; OR A GLANCE AT A FEW OF THE LITERARY PROGENIES, FROM THE TUB OF DIOGENES; BY A WONDERFUL QUIZ. *G. P. Putnam, Broadway.*

Americans have been hitherto too busy with practical matters, with hewing down forests, building ships, and steamboats, and factories, with making railroads, and breaking prairies to find leisure to write much poetry.—We have enough of that which, as a matter of courtesy, is called such, but few as yet have made for themselves an immortality in verse. Whether nations have always had to reach their prime before it produces its poets, it is certain that our busy youth, in such an age as this, has had little time to cultivate the imaginative faculty in her children; or rather we should say, their intellect has been turned to the facts of outward nature, rather than to the creations of art. In literature we are still provincial and especially in poetry. An original poem is comparatively a rare thing among us, however great the number of imitators may be. As the author of the Fable before us says:

"I myself, know two Byrons, one Coleridge, three Shelleys,
Two Raphaels, six Titians, (I think) one Apelles?

Leonardos, and Rubenses, plenty as lichens,
One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens.
A whole flock of Lambs, any number of Tennysons,—
In short, if any man has the luck to have any sons,
He may feel pretty certain that one out of twain
Will be some very great person over again."

The Fable, nevertheless, of which we have given only a portion of the title, which like all the rest of the book, from Preface to Finis, is in rhyme, is not only a truly original Poem, abounding with passages of great power and beauty, but a satire,—hitherto an almost unknown thing in our literature—sparkling with wit, running over with fun and humour, discriminating in its analysis of character, always just, and though sometimes necessarily severe, never offensive, or bitter. The author's judgment may not always jump with the popular estimation in which the writers whom he brings before us are held, but we have no doubt that in another generation, when all personal prejudice and partiality shall be forgotten, this criticism on the writers of the day will be turned to, and relied on, as possessing not only the value of contemporary history, but as marked by the fairness which it is generally supposed does not often belong to it. We might quote page after page in proof of its rare insight into character, and just estimate of literary ability, had we room. But take for instance the few lines to our friend Harry Franco—the "B." of the *Standard*. Everybody who has any knowledge of Mr. Briggs, will recognize the portrait as singularly felicitous:

"Here comes Harry Franco, and, as he draws near,
You find that's a smile which you took for a sneer;
One half of him contradicts t'other, his wont
Is to say very sharp things and do very blunt;
His manner's as hard as his feelings are tender,
And a *sortie* he'll make when he means to *surrender*;
He's in joke half the time when he seems to be sternest,
When he seems to be joking, be sure he's in earnest;
He has common sense in a way that's uncommon,
Hates humbug and cant, loves his friends like a woman,
Builds his dislikes of cards, and his friendships of oak,
Loves a prejudice better than aught but a joke,
Is half upright Quaker, half downright come-outer,
Loves Freedom too well to go stark mad about her,
Quite artless himself, is a lover of Art,
Shuts you out of his secrets and into his heart,
And though not a poet, yet all must admire
In his letters of Pinto his skill on the liar."

We copy another of these striking likenesses, which our readers will recognize, and be glad to see:

"There comes Philothea, her face all aglow,
She has just been dividing some poor creatures' woe,
And can't tell which pleases her most, to relieve
His want, or, his story to hear and believe;
No doubt against many deep griefs she prevails,
For her ear is the refuge of destitute tales;
She knows well that silence is sorrow's best food,
And that talking draws off from the heart its black blood,
So she'll listen with patience and let you unfold
Your bundle of rags as 'twere pure cloth of gold,
Which, indeed, it all turns to as soon as she's touched it,
And, (to borrow a phrase from the nursery,) *muched* it.
She has such a musical taste, she will go,
Any distance to hear one who draws a long bow;
She will swallow a wonder by mere might and main
And thinks it geometry's fault if she's fain
To consider things flat, inasmuch as they're plain;
Facts with her are accomplished, as Frenchmen would say,
They will prove all she wishes them to—either way,
And, as fact lies on this side or that, we must try,
If we're seeking the truth, to find where it don't lie;
I was telling her once of a marvellous aloe
That for thousands of years had looked spindling and sallow
And, though nursed by the fruitfullest powers of mud,
Had never vouchsafed e'en so much as a bud,
Till its owner remarked, as a sailor, you know,
Often will in a calm, that it never would blow,
For he wished to exhibit the plant, and designed
That its blowing should help him in raising the wind;
At last it was told him that if he should water
Its roots with the blood of his unmarried daughter.
(Who was born, as her mother, a Calvinist said,
With a Baxter's effectual call on her head,)
It would blow as the obstinate breeze did when by a
Like decree of her father died Iphigenia;
At first he declared he himself would be blowed
Ere his conscience with such a foul crime he would load,
But the thought, coming oft, grew less dark than before,
And he mused, as each creditor knocked at his door,
If *this* were but done they would dun me no more;
I told Philothea his struggles and doubts
And how he considered the ins and the outs,
Of the visions he had, and the dreadful dyspepsy,
How he went to the seer that lives at Po'keepsie.
How the seer advised him to sleep on it first
And to read his big volume in case of the worst,
And further advised he should pay him five dollars
For writing *Hum, Hum*, on his wristbands and collars;
Three years and ten days these dark words he had studied
When the daughter was missed, and the aloe had budded;
I told how he watched it grow large and more large,
And wondered how much for the show he would charge,—
She had listened with utter indifference to this, till
I told how it bloomed, and, discharging its pistil
With an aim the Eumenides dictated, shot
The botanical filicide dead on the spot;
It had blown, but he reaped not his horrible gains,
For it blew with such force as to blow out his brains,
And the crime was blown also, because on the wad,
Which was paper, was writ 'Visitation of God,'
As well as a thrilling account of the deed
Which the coroner kindly allowed me to read.

"Well my friend took this story up just, to be sure,
As one might a poor foundling that's laid at one's door,
She combed it and washed it and clothed it and fed it,
And as if 'twere her own child most tenderly bred it.
Laid the scene (of the legend, I mean,) far away, among the Green vales underneath Himalaya,
And by artist-like touches, laid on here and there,
Made the whole thing so touching, I frankly declare,
I have read it all thrice, and, perhaps I am weak,
But I found every time there were tears on my cheek.
The pole, science tells us, the magnet controls,
But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles,
And folks with a mission that nobody knows,
Throng thickly about her as bees round a rose;
She fill up the *carets* in such, make their scope
Converge to some focus of rational hope,
And, with sympathies fresh as the morning, their gall
Can transmute into honey,—but this is not all;
Not only for these she has solace, oh, say,
Vice's desperate nursling adrift in Broadway,
Who clingest, with all there is left of thee human,
To the last slender spar from the wreck of the woman,
Hast thou not found one shore where those tired drooping feet
Could reach firm mother-earth, one full heart on whose beat
The soothed head in silence reposing could hear
The chimes of far childhood throb thick on the ear?
Ah, there's many a beam from the fountain of day,
That, to reach us unclouded, must pass, on its way,
Through the soul of a woman, and hers is wide ope,
To the influence of Heaven as the blue eyes of Hope;
Yes, a great soul is hers, one that dares to go in
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
Of the never completely out-trampled divine;
If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs agen,
As after old Nile has subsided, his plain
Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain;
What a health would it bring to the narrow and sour,
Could they be as a Child but for one little hour!"

Mrs. Child's best friends cannot be offended at the story so inimitably told, or complain that the noble qualities which distinguish her are forgotten. The whole passage is a good sample of the vein in which the book is written.

We must make one other extract to show that the writer is none of your simmy sammy poets who are afraid of giving praise where it is due, though he may have to wait till a generation or two has passed away before the justness of his praise will be acknowledged. But he is as fearless as he is witty, never spares a popular vice, or forgets unpopular virtue. He is speaking of the Abolitionists:

"All honour and praise to the women and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then!
I need not to name them, already for each
I see History preparing the statue and niche;
They are harsh, but shall *you* be so shocked at hard words
Who have beaten your pruning-hooks up into swords,
Whose rewards and hurras men are surer to gain
By the reaping of men and of women, than grain?
Why should *you* stand aghast at their fierce wordy war if
You scalp one another for Bank or for Tariff?
You're calling them cut-throats and knaves all day long,
Don't prove that the use of hard language is wrong;
While the World's heart beats quicker to think of such men
As signed Tyranny's doom with a bloody steel pen,
While on Fourth of Julys beardless orators fright one
With hints at Harmodius and Aristogeiton,
You need not look sly at your sisters and brothers
Who stab with sharp words for the freedom of others;—
No, a wreath, twine a wreath for the loyal and true
Who, for sake of the many, dared stand with the few,
Not of blood spattered laurel for enemies braved,
But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves for citizens saved!"

We shall make some further extracts when we have room, but, in the meantime, advise our readers to get the book and read the whole of it, as detached passages can hardly do it justice. We ought to have said before that it is Apollo himself who pronounces upon the characters of the various writers as they appear in procession before him.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: The Battle of Life. *Miscellany*: A Female Ledyard in Persia; The Centagenarian; The Earliest Description of the Colony of New Netherlands, by an eye-witness. The Two Swords in the Library of William H. Prescott. Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FIRST PAGE—*Selections*: The Case of the Edmondson Girls; The Philadelphia Slave Case; Pamphlets for Northern and Southern Circulation; "A Man's A Man for A' That;" The Pittsburg Bloodhound Again; Will Smith O'Brien be hanged? &c., &c.

Foreign Intelligence.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Europa.

The steamship Europa arrived at this port on the 25th ultimo., having made the passage in the remarkable short time of eleven days,—the shortest on record. We give the details of the important and interesting news received by her.

The previous steamer brought the intelligence of the Cholera having reached Hull. By the *Europa* we learn that it has appeared in London and Edinburg. The following is the report from London:—

THE CITY.—On the 4th inst. two patients, father and daughter, were admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The male patient was a labourer, employed in looking after butchers' carts in Newgate-market; the female patient was his daughter. The man died on the day of his admission; the little girl is recovering. The three principal physicians of the hospital have certified the death as resulting from Asiatic Cholera, and have reported both cases to Sir George Grey.

EAST END.—At an inquest held on Saturday, at the Bedford Arms, Bedford-st. Commercial-road, East, before Mr. W. Baker, the Coroner, it was stated by the medical witness that the Asiatic Cholera, in its most severe form, had made its appearance at the east end of the metropolis.

THE DOCKS.—We have likewise the unpleasant task of recording the fatal appearance of the Cholera in the vicinity of the London Docks. We cannot enumerate the particulars, as the medical men in the charge of the London Dock patients have had secrecy enjoined upon them.

WOOLWICH.—The cholera has made its appearance here, and three fatal cases have occurred. The first case took place on the 6th inst. and the convict died after seven hours' illness, and the other in about two hours after he had gone to the ship. Two cases were reported as having occurred on the 8th, but had fortunately not proved fatal. Two cases have occurred on board the Dreadnought Hospital Ship. The first one has not proved fatal.

NUMBER OF CASES.—Chelsea, 5; Rotherhithe, 3; City of London, 10; Bermondsey, 2; Horseleydown, 2; Woolwich, 5; total, 27.

There are no new cases at Hull, but the Times says:

We regret to say that Asiatic Cholera has undoubtedly appeared in Edinburg and neighbourhood, and that several individuals have already fallen victims to it. An account has just reached us, by electric telegraph, which states that authentic intelligence has been received that 26 cases of Cholera had occurred in Edinburg, and that 21 had proved fatal.

The trial of Smith O'Brien is concluded, and terminates in the conviction of High Treason. Sentence of death was passed upon him, but it is not thought probable that it will be carried into execution. We copy the account of the verdict and the sentence.

At twenty minutes past five o'clock their lordships resumed their seats in the Court-house. A profound silence, lasting for a few minutes, succeeded their entrance, but was soon broken by a slight rustling noise near the door of the jury-room, from whence the jury entered, headed by the foreman, who held the issue paper in his hand.

When the jury were seated, the Foreman handed the verdict to Mr. Pedder, Clerk of the Crown, who commenced calling over the names of the jury.

The Clerk, having completed the calling of the names asked, "Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?"

The Foreman—"Yes."

Clerk of the Crown—"How say you? is William Smith O'Brien guilty or not guilty?"

After a considerable lapse of time, the foreman, in a low, suppressed murmur, pronounded "Guilty." Tears might be seen and sobs heard in every part of the Court. Mr. O'Brien alone maintained a composed aspect, and acknowledged the verdict by slightly inclining his head to the jury.

The Foreman of the jury essayed to say something, but his self-possession seemed to fail him, and he said, in an undertone, to the Clerk of the Crown," Mr. Pedder, can't you read the rest?"

The Clerk then read from the paper what follows: "We earnestly recommend the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the Government, the Jury being unanimously of opinion that, for many reasons, his life should be spared."

The Clerk of the Crown then resumed his seat, and for about five minutes an unbroken silence prevailed. At length

Chief Justice Blackburne said, in a low voice, "Adjourn the Court to 10 o'clock on Monday morning."

Proclamation to this effect was made. Mr. O'Brien was then removed from the dock, and the building was soon empty. * * *

The Clerk of the Court then asked Mr. O'Brien what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him?

Mr. O'Brien said—My Lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however, much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country; that I have done only that which, in my opinion, it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide the consequence of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence! (Cheers in the gallery.)

The Lord Chief Justice then proceeded, amid the most profound and painful silence, to pronounce the extreme sentence of the law upon the prisoner. He said—William Smith O'Brien, after a long, painful and laborious trial, a jury of your countrymen have found you guilty of high treason. Their verdict was accompanied by a recommendation, which as is our duty, we shall send forward to the Lord Lieutenant, to whom, as you must know, exclusively belongs the power to comply with its prayer.

It now remains with us to perform the last solemn act of duty which devolves upon us—to pronounce that sentence which marks the enormity of your guilt, and aims at the preventions of similar crimes, by the example and infliction of a terrible punishment. Oh! that you would reflect upon that crime, and dwell upon it with sincere repentance and remorse. Oh! that you would regret it as it is regretted by every rational being—that you would feel and know that it is really and substantially as repugnant to the interests of humanity and the precepts and spirit of the divine religion you profess, as it is to the positive law, the violation of which is now attended by the forfeiture of your life.

The few words you have addressed to the Court, however, forbid me proceeding any farther with this subject. It now only remains for the Court to pronounce the sentence of the law. [Here his lordship assumed his black cap, and amid a silence at once solemn and painful, proceeded as follows:] The sentence is, that you, William Smith O'Brien, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until you be dead.

That afterward your head shall be severed from your body, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her Majesty shall please, and may God have mercy on your soul. (The most profound sensation followed the conclusion of this sentence, and continued to manifest itself for several minutes afterward.)

After a pause, several persons rushed forward to the dock to take farewell of the prisoner; he shook them warmly and affectionately by the hand; he was cool and collected, and his manner was calm and manly; he left the dock with a steady step and smiling countenance, and was conveyed to the cell or waiting room adjoining the dock.

When the intelligence reached the streets that he had been sentenced to death, crowds of persons collected about the Court-house, and a great sensation was manifested. Several women ran to the gates shrieking and throwing up their arms in violent grief. A large body of the Constabulary, with bayonets fixed were at once marched into the square before the Court-house; the gaol van (drawn by two horses) was then admitted inside the gates, and the prisoner conducted from the cell and placed in it.

The vehicle was then driven to the jail, surrounded by constabulary, and the prisoner re-conducted to his cell.—The excitement in the streets was intense, and it was not till a considerable time had elapsed that it subsided.

Lady O'Brien, the wife of Smith O'Brien, had left Ireland to ask mercy of the Queen. We give in another column the report of a meeting held at the house of Richard D. Webb in Dublin, to take measures to procure the pardon of O'Brien.

M'Manus was also found guilty and recommended to mercy by the jury.

The National Assembly of France have decided that the President shall be elected by the people. The report is that Louis Napoleon will probably be the first to fill the office, but from the following reports taken from the press of both parties of his first appearance in the tribune in the Assembly would seem to indicate that his popularity is on the wane. The enthusiasm which was felt for his name, has died away when its owner came among the people.

An amendment was offered to an article of the Constitution relative to the President proposing to exclude members of either royal family. The papers friendly to the prince state that, at this part of the debate Prince Louis Napoleon entered the house, and ascending the tribune, protested with much dignity and force against the name of Pretender which was continually fixed upon him. He declared that he assumed no character except the honourable one of the nominee of 300,000 French citizens, who had twice returned him. After this M. Thouret withdrew his amendment, and article 45 was voted without division.

The Government organs give the following report:

"Prince Louis Napoleon, in directing his steps toward the tribune, showed that he was overwhelmed with his position. On his arrival there he had some difficulty in commencing at all, and at length he came out, in a hesitating and unconnected manner, with the following words:

"'*Citizens*: I do not come before you to speak against the amendment, certainly I have been sufficiently rewarded in recovering all my rights as a citizen to entertain any other ambition. Neither do I come here to make any complaint against the calumnies of which I have been the object. It is in the name of the 300,000 electors who have twice honoured me with their suffrages, that I disavow the appellation of 'Pretender which is constantly brought forward against me.'

"At this point the Prince stopped, hesitated, and appeared inclined to go on, but at length he descended from the tribune apparently greatly disconcerted, and amid marks of great astonishment on the part of a portion of some members, and of annoyance on the part of others. The German accent, the confusion, the vagueness and inanity of the words spoken, the absence of all the qualities of a popular orator, had done their work. Prince Louis Napoleon had been warned against the dangers of the tribune, and the warning has been thrown away upon him. He has more damaged his cause by this short attempt to speak than by all the past follies of his life. His adversaries at once saw the advantage they had gained, and profitted by it. After a short consultation with M. Senard, M. Anthony Thouret rose, and in a tone of contempt which was not even disguised, he said, that after the few short words they had heard, he was quite satisfied that his fears from the 'Pretender' were exaggerated, and that his amendment was needless, and that he therefore withdrew it. The observation was received with loud plaudits from all sides of the Assembly, excepting from that upon which Prince Louis Napoleon and his friends were seated. The *Debats* says that the words spoken by the oratorical novice produced a marvellous effect, for that they set those who most feared him quite at their ease."

General Cavaignac has announced his intention of continuing in office till after the election, but this, we take it, depends upon whether there shall be another revolution before that time.

Another revolution has taken place at Vienna. It originated in the fears of the people, aroused by a proclamation of the Emperor, that the old order of things, which existed previous to the revolution in March, was to be restored. The Hungarian Parliament was reported as dissolved, and the Ban appointed as Lord Lieutenant, thus giving credit to the report that the recent course of Jellachich was approved by the court. A large body of troops were brought into the vicinity of the capital, and the popular discontent was rapidly coming to a head, when the Germanic Grenadiers broke through all obstacles and fraternized with the people. Several more fights followed, and barricades were raised. The insurgents broke into the War Office, and the Minister of War, Count Latour, was led into the streets, and killed. His body was hung upon a gibbet, and riddled with balls through the day. The arsenal was also stormed, but was not taken. The Diet at length sent a deputation to the Emperor, entreating him to stop the effusion of blood, by forming a new and popular ministry. While the diet was in session, the Emperor, with the royal family, fled leaving behind him a proclamation that he left Vienna, because of its riotous disposition, and that he should, at another place, take such measures as it should seem best to adopt. At the latest accounts the outrages had ceased, though the excitement had not decreased. The Minister of Justice had been arrested, and the rest of the ministry had concealed themselves.

In Italy it is thought that Charles Albert will avail himself of the disturbed condition of affairs in Austria to recommence the war.

The Ban of Hungary had sustained a severe defeat in the neighbourhod of Stuhlweissenberg.

The capital of Hungary is represented as in a wretched condition.

The King of Prussia is about to proclaim an amnesty for all political offences committed since the revolution.

A truce is said to be nearly completed between Denmark and the Germanic States.

The American Minister at Madrid has got into a quarrel with the Spanish Government. An attempt was made by the police to seize one of his servants, a Spaniard, who, it was alleged, was a soldier.

General Saunders has threatened to leave Madrid, unless ample apology was made. The offence seems to be, that the attempt to seize the servant was made in the presence of the ladies of the minister, who were about getting into their carriage, and who were much alarmed at the disturbance.

News Items.

The Snow was sufficiently deep for good sleighing at Halifax on the 22d inst.

Mike Walsh has received the "Regular Democratic Republican" nomination for the Fifth Congressional District.

Matron.—Mrs. Farlin having resigned her station as matron of the female prison at Sing Sing, the Inspectors have filled the vacancy by the appointment of Mrs. N. Dewey of Glen's Falls, Warren county.—*Hudson River Chronicle.*

Death of Dr. Yates.—Dr. C. C. Yates, an eminent physician formerly of New York and Albany, has died in Nova Scotia at an advanced age. Dr. Yates was the husband of Mrs. Willard, the celebrated teacher of Troy, with whom he lived but a short time after their marriage.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Absconding Slave Laws.—Judge Dickey, of Chicago, has decided on the authority of the Prigg's case (16th Peter's Rep. that a master or owner of a slave escaping into Illinois, has a right to remove said slave without regard to the statute, was pronounced unconstitutional, as the owner can reclaim his property at once.

Smith O'Brien—An Incident.—During the progress of the trial of this distinguished Irish Patriot, a gentleman applied to him for his autograph, when he handed him the following lines, betokening no drooping or faltering on the part of M. O'Brien:

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for Man to die
Is where he dies for Man.
"WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN."

Texas.—General Houston addressed the citizens of Huntsville on the 30th ult. The *Banner* says, "His arguments in support of his vote on the Oregon Territorial bill were 'conclusive and irresistible.'" A few of the pro-Slavery journals of the Star State are highly incensed at the course of Senator HOUSTON. Although the *Banner* and several others warmly applaud his course on the great question of Free Soil in the new Territories. From the squirmings of the *Galveston News*, it would seem probable that an attempt will be made to form a Free Soil electoral ticket. As in Louisiana, the effort will no doubt prove unsuccessful, at least in this campaign.

An exchange paper says: "Texas, everybody thought, would go for Cass, but everybody may be mistaken. A gentleman from the interior, and a 'Democrat,' says, that the vote of the State is doubtful in consequence of the strong aversion to Cass."

Pennsylvania Election—[official.]—We received Tuesday evening, from our Harrisburg correspondent, the full official vote of the State given at the last election for Governor, which settles the long contested subject of the exact official majority. Johnston's majority in the State is 302. The entire vote is 336,754, divided as follows:

Johnston	168,523
Longstreth	168,221
Johnston's majority	302

The aggregate vote is 51,284 greater than was cast for Governor in 1847, when Shunk had above 5,000 majority over all the candidates.

The returns have been compared with the general returns received at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth in Harrisburg; and it is thought the special returns, when opened in the presence of the Legislature, next January, will not vary three votes from the above result.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

STREET DIALOGUE.—Present: *Cass man, Free Soiler and Bystanders.*

Free Soiler—Well, neighbour, what do you think of this matter of extending Slavery?

Cass man—What do I think of it? Why I am opposed to its extension, of course? I go for Free Soil.

Free Soiler—O, I'm glad to hear it. Then you will vote for Van Buren of course.

Cass Man—Not as you know of! I go fo Cass and Free Soil!

Free Soiler—O, ah, yes! You remind me of a man I knew once who married a coloured lady, but was resolved to have none but white children!

Bystanders.—Ha! ha!

Married.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 24th. ult. in the Catholic Church in Chambers street. MR. JOSEPH MARZETTI of Milan, late of the Ravel Family to Miss MATILDA LEHMANN of Copenhagen.

Died.

In this city, on Monday, the 23d ult. after an illness of ten days, of billious fever WILLIAM PAXSON HALLET, Esq. late Clerk of the Supreme Court, aged 52 years.

In Boston, at the residence of his grandfather, (HON. H. G. OTIS) George Harrison, 12 years, 3 months, 13 days, only son of Mr. W. F. Otis.

In Boston on the 28th ult., HON. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, aged 83.

Acknowledgments.

Receipts for Standard from Oct. 20, to Nov. 1.

384	William Heck, White Hill, Pa.	$1 00
484	E. G. Weller Holland Patent, N. Y.	2 00
585	Mary T. Tidmarsh Hingham Ms.	2 00
485	Elizabeth Cushing "	2 00
502	P. A. Comstock Hart's Village N. Y.	0 50
434	E. S. Caldwell Paris, Wis.	2 00
483	William Emerson, New York,	2 00
477	William Barker, W. Walworth N. Y.	2 00
467	J. B. Congdon New Bedford Ms.	2 54
486	Joseph Ricketson, "	5 00
478	Mary Gifford "	2 00
469	Rev. J. Weiss "	3 00
468	Wm. Eddy "	2 84
468	Wm. C. Coffin "	7 00
486	Joseph Congdon "	3 00
486	Nath. A. Borden, "	1 80
486	O. Prescott, "	2 00
416	J. C. Ray "	1 00
332	J. D. Elliot, "	1 00
434	E. Arnold "	2 00
	Total	$42 72

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treas.

NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

Notices.

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR 1848-9.

The time has arrived when it behooves the friends of the cause to be earnest and instant in their preparations for the approaching festival. It is our intention that the Anti-Slavery Bazaar shall open on the morning of WEDNESDAY the 20th of December (not Thursday, the 21st. as has been heretofore advertised.) We shall be engaged in the preparation and decoration of the Hall for several days previous. It is therefore desirable that all the friends who design to make contributions of running vine, fir, hemlock and other greenery, should bring it to the city as early as FRIDAY, THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, WITHOUT FAIL. By calling at the Anti-Slavery Office, they will be directed what disposition to make of it. We DEPEND unhesitatingly upon the friends who assisted last year, in respect both to contributions of green, and to their own personal assistance at the time of preparation. We trust that not one who aided last year, will fail us this. The absence from the country of many active friends, renders the assistance of all who remain, a matter of absolute necessity.

The Abolitionists of Great Britain are labouring for us as earnestly as in previous years, and a Bazaar that shall equal its predecessors, alike in beauty and pecuniary success, may be confidently anticipated, if the friends in Boston and its neighbourhood, say 20 miles around, will give their personal aid and co-operation that circumstances make essential.

Supplies for the Refreshment Table and Ladies' Refreshment Room (the latter of a plain, simple kind) will be highly acceptable. We shall refer to this point more particularly as the Fair approaches, but mention it at this early day, that our friends throughout the country may be making their arrangements. ANNE W. WESTON,
For the Committee.

ASSISTANT (PA.) FAIR COMMITTEE.

Our friends, whose names are upon this list, appointed by direction of the State Society, are earnestly requested to use diligent efforts in their respective neighbourhoods, to interest all who condemn Slavery *to do something* that will increase the amount of goods to be offered for sale in December.—Any assistance from others will of course be gladly accepted.

DARBY. S. & A. Pennock, R. & E. Sellers, John Sellers, jr., James Sellers, jr.
MARION. Mary Bowman, J. & S. Wainwright.
MARPLE. James Lewis, Ezekiel Highgate.
WEST CHESTER. H. & M. Darlington, Samuel B. Thomas, Amelia Schadd, Margaret Hoopes.
DOWNINGTOWN. M. B. & L. Thomas.
LANCASTER. S. & E. Coats, Anna Whitson, Ann Eliza Hambleton, Ann Eliza Kent.
ANDREW'S BRIDGE. Rachel Brosius, Letitia Brosius.
DRUMORE. Rebecca Smith, Joseph Smith, Mary Cutler,
HARRISBURG. Agnes Crain, Ellen Rutherford,
ISABELLA FURNACE. Rebecca S. Potts, Joseph D. Potts.
UWCHLAN. William Speakman.
KIMBERTON. Abbey Kimber, Grace Anna Lewis, Edwin Fussell.
SCHUYLKILL. Mary R. Matlack, Caroline Richards.
PHŒNIXVILLE. Lydia P. Jacobs, Sarah W. Pennypacker, Sarah Adamson, William Taylor.
NORRISTOWN. Isaac Roberts, Emma S. Paxon, Helen Cushman, Sarah Jones.
PLYMOUTH. Hiram Corson, Martha Corson.
BYBERRY. Sarah Pierce, Robert Purvis, Ann Walmsley, Augustine James.
BRISTOL. Eliza Swain, Elizabeth Cabeen, Edward & Fanny Laing.
PENN'S MANOR. Mary Ivins, Barclay Ivins, Mary T. Ivins.
ATTLEBORO'. Sarah Wilson, Mary Stackhouse.
NEWTOWN. Achsah Janney, Francenia Scholfield, Mary Buckman, Jane Bond.
PINEVILLE. Dr. W. Trego, W. H. Johnson, Henry Twining.
YARDLEYVILLE. Harriet Longsbore, Sarah H. Yardley, Rachel Bond.
SOLEBURY. Emily Pickering, Elizabeth S. Betts, Aaron Phillips, Mary Magill,
TRENTON. James Whitehead, Esther Whitehead.
WOODSTOWN. Mary Hollinshead, Lavinia Reed.
SALEM. Elizabeth Goodwin, Abby Goodwin.
WILMINGTON. Rachel Basset, Ann Semple, I. & E. P. Flint, Edward Webb.
NEWARK. S. & Mary Tyson.
CENTREVILLE. Eliza Agnew, Allen Agnew.
KENNETT. Hannah Cox, Mary K. Darlington, Sydney Pierce, Samuel Pennock, Mary Pennock.
FALLOWFIELD. Susan Fulton, Lukens Pierce, Sarah Coates.
LONDON GROVE. Alice Jackson, Ann Preston.
MARLBOROUGH. Simon & Sarah Bernard.

THE PENSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR OF 1848.

Demands of all the friends of the slave in this region, prompt and vigorous efforts in its preparation. We know some of them, both in town and country, have long been busily at work in its behalf. So well is it understood and felt, that the Fair belongs to Pennsylvania Abolitionists generally, that our Annual summons to the work seems scarcely needed, and almost a form. But we issue it as a word of remembrance to the interested, and to arouse the lethargic—and to announce—at this important crisis—to an increasingly sympathizing community, an opportunity to labour for the cause. We invite the co-operation of every heart that loves the slave, and would prove its love by its deeds.

To our numerous fellow-labourers in city and country it cannot be unnecessary to speak on the subject of the best manner of preparing for the Fair. In such preparation they are well skilled. To those to whom the work may be new we say, all pretty or marketable commodities will be valuable.

To *all* we say, make the slave's cause your own, if possible, and give liberally as God hath given you.

Sarah Pugh, A. Matilda Cassey, Anna M. Hopper, Janette Jackson, Margaret A. Griscom, Mary Grew, Margaret Jones, Hannah L. Stickney, Mary T. Stickney, Sarah A. T. McKim, Theresa K. Hallowell, Hulda Justice, Elizabeth Carman, Harriet D Purvis, Priscilla Lukens, Sarah M. Douglass, Esther Reckless, Maria M. Davis, Elizabeth Gay, Hannah W. Haydock, Elizabeth Davis, Emma Parker, Gertrude K. Burleigh, Emily A. Winslow, Clementine G. Ruby, Martha Carman, Sarah T. Child, Anna M. Child, Mary Shaw, Margaret Forten, Esther Hogeland, Esther Burr, Elizabeth Clendenen.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician, willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom,—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to the right against law and custom:—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery, by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti-Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it, and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partizan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the *whole* collective energy and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

M. W. Chapman, Ann T. G. Phillips, Helen E. Garrison, Mary May, Eliza Lee Follen, Sarah S. Russell, Louiza Loring, Mary Young, Mary Wiley, Anne Warren Weston, Maria Lowell, Francis Mary Robbins, Lydia Parker, Harriet B. Hall, Catharine Sargent, Sarah B. Shaw, Mary G. Chapman, Caroline Weston, Susan C. Cabot, Henrietta Sargent, Hannah Tufts, Eliza F. Meriam, Caroline F. Williams, Evelina S. A. Smith, Sarah H. Southwick, Ann R. Bramhall, Harriet T. White, Abby Francis, Abby Southwick, Harriet M. Jackson.

All persons desiring the privilege of co-operating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management to *Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.*

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing.—it from The Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles *immediately*, or as soon a convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for the purchase of choice and rare foreign articles for the Bazaar. Address CAROLINE WESTON, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Every friend who furnished evergreen for the decoration of the Hall last year, is entreated, for the sake of the cause, to continue the same good office, by *seasonably* gathering the requisite "running green," and red cedar trees, and bringing them to Boston, on Saturday, December 13th, thus allowing the indispensable three days before the 21st, for the arrangements.

Advertisements.

PROSPECTUS.
OF THE
LOUISVILLE EXAMINER.

Published, Weekly, in Louisville, Kentucky.—being a large and handsomely printed Newspaper, devoted chiefly to the discussion of the Emancipation question in Kentucky; and containing much interesting family reading—religious and political intelligence—articles on agriculture, and the general news of the day.

TERMS:—$2 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
PAUL SEYMOUR, PUBLISHER.

This paper has been in existence nearly a year and a half, and has been slowly extending its circulation in the slave States. It is the advocate of emancipation in Kentucky, and has kept this one object constantly in view, seeking by calm reasoning, and by the evidence of figures and facts, to show the people of Kentucky the many grevious losses they are obliged to bear in consequence of Slavery. Those connected with the Examiner have not espoused any one of the many plans of emancipation submitted from time to time, nor have they urged their own views in this particular, but have confined their action to efforts intended to arouse the public mind to reflection on this vitally important subject; feeling sure that when their fellow-citizen shall have determined to rid themselves of Slavery, they will find a way—that a plan of emancipation, just, humane, and practicable will be devised and agreed upon, and that sufficient wisdom and courage will be found in this beloved old Commonwealth to carry it out successfully. Such a plan will, doubtless, be agreed upon at a meeting of the friends of the cause, to be held at some convenient point, shortly after the Presidential election and will be advocated by the Examiner with whatever ability it possesses.

The Examiner does not participate in party politics. It calls on the good and patriotic of every party in the State to untie in one concentrated effort for the redemption of Kentucky from the thrall of Slavery.

The time is at hand in which the effort is to be made. The subject of the Convention is beginning to occupy the minds of all Kentuckians, and it is of the first importance that we be well informed on a subject that so vitally concerns us. The conductors of the Examiner, therefore, call upon the active friends of Emancipation in Kentucky, to aid them in their efforts to extend its circulation, and trust a hearty response will prove that the call is not made in vain.

F. COSBY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD, } *Editors.*
NOBLE BUTLER.

N. B.—Any person sending us five new subscribers will be entitled to the Examiner for one year.

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Free Labour Dry Goods and Groceries, Wholesale and Retail.

Shirting, and sheeting Muslins heavy and fine.
Calico, different widths and qualities—various styles
Furniture Prints, Satin Stripes.
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"Scotch," "Manchester" and Domestic Ginghams.
Apron and Furniture Checks. Cotton Handkerchiefs.
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Cotton Twilled Pantaloon stuffs. Suspenders.
Canton and Summer Flannels. Table Diaper. Oil Cloths.
Twilled Cotton Bed-Spreads and Ticking.
Irish Linens, warranted free from Cotton.
Hoisery, Knitting and Sewing Cottons.
Satinets. Mouslin de Lain, all wool.
Wadding, and Cotton Laps. Umbrellas.
A variety of other articles produced wholly by FREE LABOUR.

Just received from England a general assortment of fine hosiery—bleached and brown. Also Shirts and Drawers; likewise, a variety of new styles 3-4 Prints, good quality, just finished, and in store.

TEAS, carefully selected for families and stores.
Refined Loaf, Crushed and Pulverized Sugar.
Brown Sugar, of good quality, a great variety,
Superior Molasses, Sugar House and West India.
Coffee, (many kinds) Chocolate, Cocoa, Rice, Spices, Confectionary, &c., &c.

Just received, a few pounds of pure Carraccas Chocolate, for Invalids.

Country Merchants supplied with free labour goods, at advantageous prices, and families, remote from depots of free goods, ordering in considerable quantities, will be furnished at low rates accordingly.

TERMS CASH.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR.
Fifth and Cherry streets, Philadelphia.
10th mo. 19.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
CHILD'S FRIEND
A MONTHLY PERIODICAL
FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

A truly instructive as well as entertaining book for children is our simple object. Youthful life as it is, and as it ought to be, we would represent. All subjects that children can and ought to be interested in, we would lay before them. We shall seek to please and instruct our young readers, as we would if they were by our side, by setting before them the serious, perhaps sad, and then again the amusing incidents of real life; sometimes in the twilight hour we will have a fairy story for them; then if we or our friends can make them, we will give them conundrums or charades, or our own or our neighbours' jests, and now and then a short sermon, or a long history. We will, when so disposed speak of the Sunday, of its precious rest, its beautiful recollections, its blessed uses; but we would also urge upon our readers the great truth that every day is the Lord's day, that all our time must be devoted to duty, and that every hour well spent is a holy hour. We shall aspire to become truly the Child's Friend, helping him to learn from all that is within and around him the wisdom and goodness of the Creator,—that wrong-doing produces discord and misery,—that life is a continued school time, and that wisdom and virtue and the peace they bring are the true holidays of life.

It is our own sole and simple purpose to make this work such as we have described, a book that a child may read to advantage and with pleasure, on Sunday, as well as every other day in the week.

The October No. begins a New Series; being the commencement of the Sixth year and eleventh Volume. It will be printed on new and handsome type and good paper, Each No. will be embellished with one fine engraving or frontispiece, and contain 48 pages 12 mo. making two volumes of 288 pages each besides Index, or about 600 pages a year.

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ASHES.	
Duty, 20 per ct ad val. per 100lbs	
Pots, 1st sort 1847	5.— a .—
Pearl	6.— a —.—
BEESWAX.	
Duty: 20 per cent. ad val.	
Cuba, white per lb	—.— a —.—
American, yellow,	—.19 a —.22
BRISTLES.	
Duty, 5 per cent ad val.	
St.Pet'sbg, 1st sort lb.	.90 a 1.00
do. 2d sort	.35 a .—
Okatka, gray&white	1.37 a 2.50
Souchoy	—a .60
American	—a .50
COAL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Liverpool, Orrel.chal	9.— a
Newcastle, coarse	7.75 a —.—
Scotch	5.25 a .—
Sidney and Pictou	5.50 a 5.75
Anthracite, 2,000lbs	5.75 a 5.25
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4 yd	3½ a 4½
do. do. 7-8	— a —
do. bleached	4½ a 5
do. S. I. do.	7 a 9
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6 a 9½
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7½ a 10
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	8 a 10
do. fancy	6 a 12
Plaids	9 a 11
Kentucky jeans,	15 a 30
Satinetts	35 a 60
Checks 4-4	7 a 10
Cotton Osna. S. No. 1	7½ a 8½
do. No. 2	— a 7½
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	— a 14
do. 14 a 19	17 a 19
do. 20 a 23	— a 19
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Genesee per bbl.	5.25 a 5.62½
Troy	5 37½ a 5.56
Michigan	—.— a —.—
Ohio, new	—.— a —.—
Ohio round hoop	—.— a —.—
Ohio, via, Canal	—.— a —.—
Pennsylvania	—.— a —.—
Brandywine	5.62½ a —.—
Georgetown	5.62½ a .—
Baltimore c. mills	5.72½ a .—
Richmond c. mills	—.— a —.—
do. country	—.— a —.—
Alexandria	5.62½ a .—
Fredericksburg	5.75 a .—
Petersburg	5.62½ a .—
Rye flour	3.50 a 3.62½
Cornmeal, Jersey	3.31½ a 3.37½
do. hhd.	— a —.—
FISH	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.37½ a 2.60
Dry scale	2.00 a 2.25
Pickled cod bbl.	3.— a 3.25
do. salmon, tce	15.25 a —.75
Smoked do. lb	— a —
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	7.75 a 8.25
do. No. 1 small	— a .—
do. No. 2	5.50 a 6.25
do. do. North	.— a —.—
do. No. 3 South	3.62 a 3.87
do. do. North	3.75 a 3.87½
Shad, N 1 Ct.hf.bbl.	— a 7.00
do. No. 2	—.— a 6.00
Bucksp't. bbl.	— a —.—
Mass. do.	—.— a —.—
Southern	5.00 a 5.25
Herring, pickled	4.00 a
do. scale, per box,	— a .50
do. No. 1	— a 30
do. No. 2	— a 20
GRAIN.	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Wheat, white bush	1.23½ a 1.27
do Western	.— a —.—
do. Southern	1 05 a 1.15
Rye northern	.69 a .70
Corn north'n & Jer	73½ a 74.
do south'n(weight)	68 a .70
do N O & West'n	— a —
Barley, Western,	20 a .24
Oats, northern	34½ a .35
do. southern	— a —
do. New-Jersey	39 a 40
Teas, White,	.62½ a .82½
Black eyed 2 bushel	1.— a 37½

FLAX	
Duty: 15 per cent. ad val.	
Russia per lb.	— a —
American	8 a —
FEATHERS	
Duty: 25 per cent. ad val.	
Foreign per lb.	— a —
Foreign A. A.	— a —
Live, American	32 a 35
HAY—Per 100 lbs.	
North River in bales	40 a 45
HOPS	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
First sort 1847, lb.	4½ a 5
LEATHER. [Sole]	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Oak per lb.	20 a 28
Oak Ohio,	19 a 21
Hemlock, light	12½ a 13½
do. middle	12½ a 13½
do. heavy	12½ a 13
do. damaged	10 a 11
do. poor do.	6 a 7½
LIME	
Thomaston per bbl	68. a .70
LUMBER	
Duty: Timber and firewood, 20 boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices	
Timber w. pine pr.c.ft.	18 a 23½
do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft.	15.— a 16.25
do oak, cu. ft.	.23 a 25
do. Gr. Isl.W.O.	—25 a 28
do. O.scnt.pr.M.ft.	25 a 30
do. Ga.yel.pine(by cargo) per cub. ft.	—22 a 25
Plank Ga. yel. pine pr M foot	—.25 a 30.—
Boards N.R.M.ft.cl.	—.30 a 35.—
do. 2d ql.	22.50 a 25.
do. Box	3.59 a .15
Albany, piece	15 a .18
Plank Alb. pine	23 a .26
Laths E. by car.	1.25 a —
Shingles bh. 18 in.	1.62½ a 2.—
do. Ced.3ft.1stql.	25.— a —.30
do. do. 2d ql.	24.— a 28.—
do. 2ft.1st ql.	17.— a 22.—
do. do.2dql.	16.— a 79.—
do. Cyprus 2d ql.	15.— a 16.—
Heading W.O.pr.M.	40.— a —.45
Staves W. O. pipe	60.— a —
do. do. hhd.	47.— a —.48
do. do. bbl.	30.— a —.33
do. R. O. hhd.	25.— a 26.—
PROVISIONS.	
Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val.	
Beef,mess per bbl.	11.62½ a 12.75
do. prime	6.50 a 7.25
Pork, mess, Ohio	11. a 11.12
do. prime new	8.75 a 8.87
Lard	7½ a —. 8
Hams, smoked	6 a —. 9
Shoulders, smoked	4½ a —. 5
Beef do.	— a —.—
Butter, Orange co.	16 a .18
do. West'n dairy	14½ a —.16½
do. common	— a —
Cheese	4½ a —. 6½
SEEDS.	
Duty: flaxseed, clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Clover, per lb.	—.5 a —.6½
Timothy, 7 bush.	14.— a 17.—
Flax, rough	1.— a —
do. clean	— a —.—
TALLOW.	
Duty: tallow grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val.	
Rendered,	7½ a 8
WOOL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Am. Sax'ny. fleece lb.	37 a 40
Am. full blood Merino	32 a 35
Am. ½ & ¾ Merino	26 a 30
Am. native & ¼ do.	22 a 25
Superfine, pulled, ctry.	24 a 26
do. do city	26 a 27
No. 1, pulled, country,	23 a 24
do. city	22 a 28
South Am. washed	6 a 7
do. do. & picked	18 a 23
do. unwashed	5 a 7
Africa	6 a 1
Smyrna	10 a 11½
Mexican,	10

Poetry.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

THERE are countless fields, the green earth o'er,
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death embrace;
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain
Was piled with heaps of uncounted slain—
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the Battle of Life.

The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and his burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand:—
Friends and comrades around him stand,
The trumpets sound and the war steeds neigh—
To join in the shock of the coming fray;
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow,
And he bears his part in that conflict dire
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.
What though he fall? At the battle's close
In the flush of the victory won, he goes
With martial music—and waving plume—
From a field of fame—to a laureled tomb!
But the hero that wars in the Battle of Life
Must stand alone in the fearful strife;
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
Hero or coward, to meet the foe:
He may not fly; on that fated field
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

Warrior—who com'st to this battle now,
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
As if the day were already won—
Pause, and gird all thy armor on!
Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will—
An ardent soul that no fear can chill—
Thy shield of faith hast thou tried and proved—
Canst thou say to the mountain "be thou moved"—
In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright—
Is thy banner inscribed—"For God and the Right"—
In the might of prayer dost thou wrestle and plead?
Never had warrior greater need!
Unseen foes in thy pathway hide,
Thou art encompassed on every side.
There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;
Flattery courts with her hollow smiles,
Passion with silvery tone beguiles,
Love and Friendship their charmed spells weave;
Trust not too deeply—they may deceive!
Hope with her Dead Sea fruits is there,
Sin is spreading her gilded snare,
Disease with a ruthless hand would smite,
And Care spread o'er thee her withering blight.
Hate and Envy, with visage black,
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track;
Falsehood and Guilt, Remorse and Pride,
Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide;
Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
Waits to degrade thee and then destroy;
And Death, the insatiate, is hovering near
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.

In war with these phantoms that gird thee round
No limbs dissevered may strew the ground;
No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
As it struggles and writhes in their dead control,
As the iron enters the riven soul.
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek,
The brow is furrowed, but not with years,
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears,
And streaked with white is the raven hair;
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is ended; the hero goes
Worn and scarred to his last repose.
He has won the day, he conquered doom,
He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb.
For the victor's glory, no voice may plead,
Fame has no echo and earth no meed.
But the guardian angels are hovering near,
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here,
And they bear him now on their wings away,
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the Crown of Life!

Miscellany.

From the New York Observer.

A FEMALE LEDYARD IN PERSIA.

OROOMIAH, Persia, August 3, 1848.

A few evenings ago a knock at the door of our mission premises was soon followed by the quick step of a native, who came to Dr. Wright with the statement that their stood in the street a woman, who knew no language, and was entirely unattended, except by a Koordish muleteer. A moment afterward another native came with the additional statement, "the lady is dressed in English clothes and says, in your language, will you give me a little water?"

Dr. Wright, whose curiosity and astonishment could hardly be otherwise than highly excited by the announcement of a lady in European costume, speaking English, in the street, at night, and unattended in this remote and barbarous land, where the appearance of a European man is a thing of very rare occurrence, soon had ocular proof of what his eers were so reluctant to admit—a bona fide European lady standing before him, having a letter for Mr. Stocking from an acquaintance of his at Mosul, which introduced us to Madame Pfeiffer, of Vienna, who had performed the circuit of the world, thus far, alone, and was now hastening toward her home.

Who, then, is Madam Pfeiffer? She is a German lady, fifty years old, of great intelligence and most perfect accomplishments, and to appearance thoroughly sane on every subject unless it be her style of travelling which is, at least, somewhat peculiar.

Madame Pfeiffer, leaving her husband and her two sons, (one of them an officer of Government and the other an artist,) about two years ago started on her tour around the world. An aged gentleman of her acquaintance accompanied her some time, but finding that she was obliged to protect him instead of his protecting her, she left him and proceeded alone.

From Europe Madam Pfeiffer went to Brazil, where she admired the brilliant flowers and the magnificent forests more than almost anything else that she has seen, and where she came very near being murdered by a black ruffian, who attempted to rob her. She still carries scars of the wounds then received, but states, with evident satisfaction, that she had cut off three of his fingers in self defence, when several persons providentially came to her rescue.

She had intended to cross the Continent, from Rio to the Pacific Ocean; but finding things in too disordered a state to admit of it, she took passage in a sailing vessel at Rio, in which she doubled Cape Horn, and went to Chili; and after a short stay at Valparaiso she took passage in another vessel for Tahiti, where she made an agreeable visit, among the mementos of which she has Queen Pomare's autograph.

From Tahiti our heroine traveller proceeded to China, where she visited several of the points most acceptable to foreigners, mingling socially with the missionaries there, whom she mentions familiarly by name, as Dr. Bridgeman, Dr. Ball, Mr. Gutzlaff, &c., the autograph of the last named she has in Chinese. One of the strongest impressions which she seems to have brought from the "Celestial Empire" is the imminent insecurity of foreigners at Canton.

From China, Madam Pfeiffer went to Calcutta; and from that city travelled overland, across British India to Bombay, passing through a great variety of incidents and adventures on the way, and holding much pleasant intercourse with Protestant missionaries, (though herself born and educated a Catholic) at various stations and of different nations.

From Bombay Madam P. went in a steamer to Bussorah; and thence in another steamer to Bagdad; and from Bagdad she travelled in company with a caravan up to Mosul, as a memento of which place she has a sculptured figure of the human head, taken from the ruins of ancient Nineveh. From Mosul she crossed the formidable Koordish mountains to Oroomiah, a caravan journey of twelve days, (but protracted in her case, by tedious delays, to twenty days,) in company with a Koordish muleteer, on a route of greater exposure, humanly speaking, than any other she has traveled, during her circuit of the world.

After a visit of one day with us, Madam Pfeiffer hastened on toward Tabreez, intending to go thence through Georgia to Tiflis and thence across the Caucasus, through European Russia, to Vienna, hoping to reach her home about the first of November.

The adventurous circumstances of Madam Pfeiffer, during many parts of her tour, invest it with the most romantic and thrilling interest. Think, for instance, in her passage across the wild Koordish mountains, of a savage Koord, pointing to the tassel on the Turkish fez (cap) she wore, to which he took a fancy, and demanding it of her by the significant gesture of drawing his hand across his throat—meaning, of course, "give me the tassel as you value your head;" and she in turn repelling the demand by gestures, unable to speak to him a word orally, in any language he could understand. Through many such adventures she made her way safely to Oroomiah, carrying about her person a large sum of money, (by accidental necessity rather than choice) over the wild regions of Koordistan, in a manner which seems to us truly marvellous. Her practical motto is, 'Never betray fear;' and to her strict adherence to that she expresses herself as greatly indebted for her success in travelling.

On the road Madam Pfeiffer in these regions wears the large veil, concealing most of the person, which is commonly worn here by females when they go abroad, and rides astride, as they also ride, but her other garments (with the exception of the Turkish cap above named) are sufficiently European in appearance to distinguish her from natives. Her language, on the way, in these lands, is wholly the language of signs, dictated by the necessity, and which she seems often to have made very expressive. On the last day's ride, before reaching Oroomiah, for instance, the stage being two ordinary stages, and the muleteer at one time proposing to halt till the next day, she would rest her hand, as emblematical of sleep, and repeat Oroomiah; and when the muleteer, from regard to his tired horses, still insisted on halting, she added tears to her gestures; and the obstinate Koord's heart, according to his own statement, was then irresistibly subdued—so much so that he went promptly and cheerfully.

Her helplessness and dependence, on well known principles, did much, doubtless, at once to win for her kindness, among the bloody Koords, and ward off danger. Madam P. has, however, intrinsic elements of a good traveller. Though she had ridden on the day she reached Oroomiah, almost incessantly, from 1 o'clock A. M. till 8 o'clock P. M. at the wearisome rate of a caravan, over a very dry, hot, dusty region, a distance of near sixty miles, still on her arrival she seemed little tired—was buoyant and cheerful as a lark, [which is probably her habitual temperament] and was quite ready, the next day, (the only day she stopped with us,) to take a pleasure ride on Mt. Seir.

Madam Pfeiffer occupies but a single horse on her journey; her small trunk being slung on one side of the animal, and her scanty bed on the other, and she riding between them. Her fare on the road moreover, is extremely simple—consisting of little more than bread and milk—a regimen not more convenient to the traveller, on the score of economy, than conducive, as she says, to her health, and certainly to her security. To those who may be curious in regard to the expenses of her tour round the world, I may repeat her statement, that she had expended, when here, just about one thousand dollars.

A passion for travel is the ruling motive that carries Madame Pfeffer so cheerfully and courageously through all her manifold hardships and perils. She, however, has minor objects, makes large collections of insects and flowers. She is already an author of some celebrity, having published a work on Iceland, and another on Syria and the Holy Land, the fruits of her early travel; and the copious notes and observations which she is making, during her tour around the globe, will, of course, in due time be given to the world. "A small affair," she pertinently remarked, "would it have been for me to sail around the world, as many have done; it is my land journeys that render my tour a great undertaking, and invest it with interest."

Madam Pfeiffer expressed her purpose, after visiting home and resting awhile, of taking North America in the next tour. Possibly this female Ledyard will meet with some, in our native land, under whose eyes this notice may fall; if so, we bespeak for her their kind offices, and pledge them, in return, a rare entertainment in making her acquaintance.

As ever, very truly yours,
J. PERKINS.

From the Child's Friend.

THE CENTAGENARIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

Most of our young friends are familiar with the remark, even if their own experiences have not delightfully proved its truth, that old age and childhood are the two periods of life which comes closest together and most easily assimilate. The armchair of the venerable grandfather or grandmother is the favourite haunt of prattling infancy. Life's first and last steps have much in comm on together and the purest pleasures of its beginning and end are found in the simple objects of Nature. We therefore have no hesitation in placing before our youthful readers the following sketch of a centagenarian, drawn by the master-hand of Ritcher.—It forms the conclusion of his memoir of Fibel, the author of the Bienenroda Spelling-book.

In order to bring it within the compass of this work, as well as to render it more intelligible to the young reader, many omissions have necessarily been made, but no alterations whatever. A literal translation has been aimed at as far as possible. It thus commences:

"Much that comes to pass is unexpected, and here is what I myself should not believe, if I myself did not relate it. We never think so much about our heads, as when looking for something in them (as I now am for a respectable ending) or carrying something on top of them, as butchers and masons, or washer-women with their baskets—*crown*-carriers, too, make no exception.

The affair was on this wise; the stream of Fibel's history having vanished under ground like a second river Rhone, I was obliged to explore where story or stream again burst forth, and for this purpose questioned every one. I learned that no one could better inform me than the old patriarch of Bienenroda, an exceedingly aged man, of more than a hundred and twenty-five years, who lived a few miles out of the village, and must certainly know all about it, as he was young at the same time with Fibel. Believe me, not the glory of being a Hadrian (for that Emperor inquired of the oracle concerning the circumstances of Homer's life, in the same way that I was about to inquire of the old man in regard to the A. B. C. writer), but the near prospect of at length attaining my life-long wish—to shake hands with the very oldest man living on the earth enraptured me. Yet I conceived him to be less a Methuselah of 969 years of age, than a Peter Zort, the Hungarian, who lived 185 years; because the old Hungarian seems now, to our present feelings, habits, and consciousness, even older than Methuselah. 'A peculiar sensation,' said I, 'indeed a most novel one, must be excited by a whole past century before you, bodily present, compact and alive, in the one now passing—by holding hand to hand, a man of the age of the antidiluvians, over whose head so many entire generations of young mornings and old evenings have fled, and before whom, in fact, one stands neither as young nor old—to listen to a human spirit, outlandish, behind the time, almost mysteriously awful; sole survivor of the thousand cold gray sleepers and co-evals of his own remote hoary age, looking, as sentinel before the ancient dead, coldly and strangely on life's silly novelties; finding in the present no cooling for his in-born spirit-thirst, no more enchanting yesterdays or to-morrows, but only the day before yesterday of youth, and the day after to-morrow of death. And as it may consequently be imagined, that so very old a man would speak only of his farthest past, of his early day dawn, which of course in the long evening of his protracted day, must now be blending with the evening glow of his midnight, he should either have been from the first, or have grown, romantic in his feelings; his death-sun rising for him at late midnight, before his hoary age has quite expired.'

On the other part, however, one like myself, will not feel particularly younger before such a millionaire of hours, as the Bienenroda senior must be; and he will be in his presence far more conscious of death than of immortality. An old man is a more powerful momento than a grave; indeed the older the latter is, the farther back we look to the succession of young persons, who one after another have mouldered in it—sometimes it is a maiden who is concealed in an ancient grave—but an ancient dwindled body, hides only an imprisoned spirit.

An opportunity for visiting him was presented by a return coach and six, belonging to a Count, on which I was admitted to a seat with the coach-man. Just before arriving at Bienenroda, he pointed with his whip to an orchard, tuneful with song, and said, 'there sits the old man with his little animals around him.' I sprang from the noble equipage and went towards him. The Count's six horses, I ventured to expect, would give me before the old man the appearance of a man of rank, apart from the simplicity of my dress, whereby princes and heroes always distinguish themselves from their tinselled lacqueys; I was therefore a little surprised that the old man, not even checking the barking of his poodle, kept on playing with his hare, until at last—as if Counts were daily bread—he slowly lifted his oil-cloth hat from a head covered with hair.

With a buttoned overcoat, which gave room to see his vest; a long pair of knit overhalls—in fact they were his enormous stockings, and a neck handkerchief, or cravat, which hung down to his bosom, the old man's dress looked modern enough. His time-worn frame was far more peculiar, the inner part of the eye which is black in childhood, being quite white—his tallness, more than his years, seemed to bow him over into an arch—the out-turned point of his chin gave to his speech the appearance of mumbling, and yet the expression of his countenance was lively, his eyes bright, his jaws full of white teeth, and his head covered with light hair.

I at length commenced with saying that I had taken horses solely on his account, 'to see a man for whom assuredly there could be little new under the sun, though he himself was something very new under it.' And that I might bring about his communications concerning Fibel, I continued, 'You are now strictly in your five and twenties, a man in your best years, since after a century a new reckoning commences. Hence persons who begin to count their years again upwards from one, as Dame* Verdut, for instance, or the old man of Rechingen, obtain new teeth and hair, and grow young in every way—I infer the same, indeed, from your own hair and grinders. It is otherwise with a man in his eighties, like Peter Zort, the Hungarian. He indeed, when in his eighty-fifth year, after having already counted a century, could have expected in the course of nature, nothing but what followed, namely, death. I have heard, too, of a man in Bengal, who lived to be 370 years old, and renewed his hair and teeth four times, and had besides seventy wives, which proves at least, if in this as in other stories we accept but the half of it as true, that a man may live 185 years. Indeed were I to reckon to the intercalary days, you become somewhat older than you pass for."

Jean Paul here commences a little calculation, and then proceeds.

"I had so involved myself—especially in the fine spinning of my astronomical compliment that in truth the old man could hardly have known what to answer; and so he said nothing.

I resumed, 'for myself, I am willing to confess, that after once clambering over the century-terminus, or church-wall, of a hundred years, I should neither know how old I was, nor whether I was myself; but fresh and free, just as the world's history has often done, I should begin counting again from the year one, in the middle of a thousand years. Still, why cannot a man live to be as old as many a giant Indian tree, still standing? It would be well to question all very old people, on the methods by which they have prolonged their lives. How do you in special, dear old Sir, account for it? To me it seems difficult (I ended in some vexation at the good man's silence) to deduce a long life from a long nose alone, though a Frenchman, as I remember to have heard or read somewhere, maintains this assertion.'

'Some suppose'—the old man softly replied—'that it is because I have always been cheerful, and adopted the maxim 'never† sad, ever glad,' but I ascribe it wholly to our dear Lord God; since the animals which here surround us, though they also are never sad, but happy, at least for the most part, yet by no means exceed so frequently as man, the usual boundary of life; for he exhibits the image of the eternal God, even in the length of his duration.' The man paused. Such words concerning God, uttered by a tongue 125 years old, have great weight and consolation—and I felt at once their beautiful attraction; but on mentioning the animals, the old man turned again to his own, and, as though indifferent to him who had come in a coach and six, he began again to play with his menagerie, the hare, the spaniel, the silky poodle, the starling, and a couple of turtle-doves on his bosom: a pleasant bee-colony also in the orchard, gave heed to him, when with one whistle he sent away the bees, and with another summoned them into the ring of creatures which surrounded him like a court-circle.

At last he said, 'No one need be surprised that a very old man, who has forgotten everything, and whom no one but the dear God knows or cares for, should give himself wholly to the dear animals. To whom can an old man be of much use? I wander about in the villages as one in wholly strange cities; if I see children, they come before me like the gray years of my own childhood; if I see old men, they seem like my past hoary years. I do not quite know where I now belong, and I hang between heaven and earth; yet God ever looks on me bright and lovingly with his two eyes, the sun and moon.—Moreover the animals lead to no sin, but rather to devotion, and when my turtle-doves brood over and feed their young, it seems to me just as if I saw God himself doing a great deal, because they derive their love and instinct towards their young, as a gift from Him.' The old man suddenly fell into a long silence, and looked pensively before him, as was his wont; a ring of christening bells at Bienenroda sounded hither among the trees in the garden. He at last wept a little, and I know not how it happened that I could have been so simple, after the beautiful words uttered by him, as to have mistaken his tears for a sign merely of the weakness of his old eyes. 'Since I do not hear well, on account of my age,' he said, 'it always seems to me as if the baptismal bell from the distant sanctuary sounded up here very faintly; the hundred years old years of my childhood, ascend from the ancient depths of time and gaze on me in wonder, while I and they know not whether we should weep or laugh. Oh, Oh!' he then added, 'come hither, Alter!' meaning his silky poodle.

He himself had now brought me on the way towards the purpose of my visit. 'Excellent Sir,' I began, 'within that very sanctuary with which you are familiar, I have been preparing the biography of the deceased Master Gotthelf Fibel, author of the famous spelling book, and I have now only to end it with the narrative of his death.' Here the old man chuckled and made a low bow. 'No one can know more about his decease than yourself, and you especially are the only person who can enrich me with the rare traits of his childhood, because every incident that is inscribed on the child's brain, like names cut into a gourd, grows deeper with years, while later incisions disappear. Tell me, for goodness sake, all that you know concerning the departed man, as I am to publish his life at the Michaelmas fair.'

He muttered, 'excellent genius—scholar—man of letters—author most fam—,' till I supposed that the old man intended myself; I was about declining the compliments, but he would not be interrupted, and he was referring to himself. He continued, 'these and other fine titles I had learned by heart and applied to myself, while I was that vain blinded Fibel, who wrote and published the ordinary spelling book in question.'

The old man then is the blessed Fibel himself! A hundred and twenty-five, aye, eighteen hundred and eleven notes of admiration in a row, would but feebly paint my astonishment!"

Then follows a long conversation upon Fibel, and Jean Paul continues:

"He went into his little garden-house—I followed him, and he whistled; instantly his black squirrel came down from a tree, whither it had gone more for pleasure than for food. Many birds—nightingales, thrushes, starlings—flew back into the open window from the tops of the trees. A bulfinch which, through age, had changed its colour from red to black, strutted about the room, uttering droll sounds which it could not make distinct. The hare pattered about in the twilight, first on his hind, and then with his fore-feet—there was not a dog in the house which did not bound forward in glad, loving, human glee; but the most joyful was the poodle, who knew that he was now to have the leaden box with compartments fastened to his neck, containing the list of the articles for supper, which he was to bring from the inn in Bienenroda, He was Fibel's victualler, or provision-wagon. The other ministering brethren and sisters of Fibel, were only the children, who ran back and forth.

His next remark was, 'We ought even to assist the circumscribed animals, by educating them as far as we can, since we are in a certain degree their Lord God; and we should train them to good morals, for they may very possibly continue to live after death. God and the animals are always good, but not so, man.' He then permitted me to quicken his memory with mine. Old men give spiritual, as they give all material things—with a shaking hand, which drops half; but I succeeded in gathering up without loss, what follows:—He might have been about a hundred years old, when on a second birth-night, he cut a new set of teeth amid pains which disturbed him with wild dreams. He seemed to be holding in his hands a broad sieve, of which it was his task to pull apart, one by one, the meshes. The wooden rim and the close net work gave him indiscribable trouble, and he could not separate them, until, dreaming on, he at last, instead of the sieve, seemed to hold in his hand all the great bright sun, which flamed up into his face. He awoke new-born, and slumbered again as if on waving tulips; then he dreamed that he was a hundred and one years old—and that he died as an innocent yearling child, without earth's woe or earth's guilt, and found on high his parents, who brought before him a long procession of his children, which had remained invisible to him on the earth, because they were transparent like the angels.

He rose from his bed, not only with new teeth, but with new ideas. The old Fibel was consumed and a true Phœnix stood in his place sunning its coloured wings. He had risen glorified out of no other grave than that of his own body. The world retreated; heaven came down.

When he had related these things to me, he at once bade me good night, not waiting for the return of the ministering poodle, and with hands folded for prayer, showed me the road. I withdrew, but rambled a long time round the orchard, which had sprung entirely from stones which he had planted. Indeed he seldom ate a cherry without smuggling the stone—often to the annoyance of the peasants who want no high things on their boundaries—and burying it in the gronnd for a resurrection, 'I cannot,' said he, 'destroy a fruit-stone; if the peasant should hereafter pull up the tree, it will still have lived a little while, and die as a child.'

While in the orchard, I heard an evening hymn played and sung—and I had only to return to Fibel's window, to see him slowly turning a hand-organ, which he accompanied with his own singing through a soft evening hymn. This organ, aided by his fragment of a voice, sufficed in its monotonous uniformity for his domestic devotion, and I went away repeating the song.

SECOND DAY.—I knew when I returned to him in the morning, that he would have half forgotten me—this is natural in the night-frost of old age; which, almost without a present, lives only on the past and future. The sand in the hour-glass of an aged life, all lies beneath, the pile keeps rising higher, and you may call it a grave, or the past.

Beautiful was the morning in the orchard. The hoar frost of age seemed thawed and fluid, and to glisten only as morning dew on Fibel's after-blossom. Even the affection of his animals towards him, who like children, seemed to divine who loved them, rendered the morning more beautiful in an orchard, of which every tree had for its mother some fruit which had been enjoyed by him. His domain of animals was an inheritance from his parents, though consisting, of course, of the great, great, &c., grand-children of those which had belonged to them. All the trees harboured singing and brooding birds, and with a slight whistle he could lure down the tame posterity of his father's* singing school, in a body, from their top-sprays to his shoulder. It was refreshing to the heart, to see how quickly the tender flutterers surrounded him. Wherever the rays of the sun could gleam, it was his custom, with the infantine satisfaction of gray-headed child, to hang up, either on sticks or in the trees, little coloured glass balls, and in this acchordian of silver, gold, and jewel-hues, he took indescribable delight. I gave him full credit for them these particoloured sun-balls, varying the green with more than ten flaming tints, were like crystal tulip-beds—many of the red ones indeed, seemed like ripe apples among the branches. The old man however was most charmed with the reflections of the landscape from his little world-spheres, resembling the moving prospects shadowed forth in a diminishing mirror. 'Ah!' said he, 'when I thus closely contemplate the colours which God has given to this dark world, and calls forth by his sun, it seems to me as if I had departed and were already with God; and yet since He is *in* us, we are always with God.'

Here I at last interrupted him, with a question which I had been saving for a long time—how it was, that at his age, his German was purer almost, than even that of the best writers?—'I was somewhere near two years old,' he replied—counting, it is to be understood, after the end of the century—'when I happened to hear during several years, on every Sabbath, a holy, spiritual minister, who spoke his German with such an angel tongue, that had he at any time died in the pulpit, he would not have needed a better in heaven.' It was not in his power to tell me the preacher's name nor his city, but he described his manner in the pulpit—how he spoke with no superfluity of words, airs or gestures—uttering things the most beautiful and forcible, in mild tones—how the man, like a John, with his resting place close to heaven, spoke to the world, laying his hands calmly on the pulpit desk as an arm-case;—how his every tone was a heart, and his every look a blessing—how the energy of this disciple of Christ was embedded in love, as the firm diamond is found in the midst of the ductile gold which afterwards encases it for man—how the pulpit was to him a Tabor, whereon he transfigured both himself and his hearers, and how of all clergymen, he best performed that which is most difficult,—the *praying* worthily.

My feelings towards the time-worn man grew constantly warmer, yet I required from him a full return of my affection, as little as I should from a child. At last I reminded myself that I ought to depart, in order not to disquiet the peace of his evening days with anything of the world. I would have him preserve undisturbed that sublime position of old age, where man lives, as it were, at the pole—no star rises or goes down; the whole firmament is motionless and clear, while the Pole-star of the second world shines fixedly right over head. I therefore said to him, that I would return at evening and take my leave. To my surprise he replied that at evening, he should perhaps take leave himself of the whole world, and that he wished not to be disturbed when dying; this evening he was to read through the Revelation of John, and the end might easily be with him also. I ought to have mentioned before, that he did nothing but read, and that he read nothing but the Bible, through from beginning to end; and hence he had a fixed belief—in consequence of which he read the last books faster—that he should depart on concluding the 20th and 21st verses of the 22d chapter of the Revelation of John, 'He which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, Amen.'

Little as I believed in so sudden a withering of his protracted after-blossom, I still obeyed his latest formed wish—we should do well, at every right wish of a man, to think whether it may not be his last—took my leave, requesting him to entrust me with his testamentary commissions for the village. He said that they had been taken charge of long ago, and the children knew them. He cut off a twig from a Christmas tree, co-eval with his childhood, and presented me with it as a keep-sake.

In the beautiful summer night, I could not refrain from stealthily approaching the house through the orchard, to ascertain whether my good old man had ended his Bible and life together. On the way, I found the torn envelope of a letter, sealed with a black seal, and over me the white storks were speeding their return to warmer countries; there was room for despondency. I was not much encouraged, when I heard all the birds singing in his orchard; for their ancestors had done the same when his father died. A towering cloud, full of the latest twilight, spread itself before my short-sighted eyes, like a far off, blooming, foreign landscape, and I could not comprehend how it was, that I had never before noticed this strange-looking, reddish land; so much the more easily did it occur to me, "this is his Orient, whither God is leading the weary one." I had become so confused, as actually to mistake a red bean-blossom for a little bit of fallen sun-set. At last in the orchard, I heard a man singing and the accompaniment of an organ; in brief, it was the old man, tuning undisturbed his evening hymn,

"Lord of my life, another day
Once more hath sped away."

the birds in the room besides, and those on the distant branches chimed in with the song. The bees too joined their humming, as in the warm summer night they dived into the cups of the linden-blossoms; my joy kindled into a flame.

He was alive! But I would not disturb his holy evening. "Let him remain," said I, "with him who surrounds him with his gifts and with years, and not be called to think on any man here below.'

After having listened through, to the last verse of his hymn, that I might be still more certain of the actual continuance of his life, I slipped away tardily, and still found to my joy, in the eternal youth of nature, beautiful references to his lengthened age—from the everlasting rippling of the brook in the meadow, to a late swarm of bees which had settled themselves, (probably that forenoon before two o'clock,) on a linden tree, as if, by taking their lodging with him, he was to be their bee-father and continue to live—every star twinkled to me a hope."

The last visit to him is thus described:

Very early in the morning I went straight to the orchard, wishing to look at the old man while in sleep, death's ancient prelude, warm dream of cold death. But in his large printed Bible, with the help of the bright torch of morning, he had already read far beyond the deluge, as I saw by the engravings.

As I held it to be my duty not to interrupt his solitude long, I told him that I was departing, and gave him a little farewell biflet, instead of farewell words. I withdrew, much moved, though silent; it was not the kind of emotion with which we take leave of a friend, a youth, an old man; but it was the parting from a remote stranger-being, who scarcely glances at us from the high cold clouds which hold him between the earth and sun. There is a stillness of soul resembling the stillness of bodies on a frozen sea or high mountains; every loud tone is an interruption, as in the softest adagio, too prosaically harsh. Even those words, "for the last time," the old man had long since left behind him.

And yet he hastily presented or bequeathed to me my favourite flower, romantic in hue and fragrance, a blue Spanish Vetch in an earthen pot, the sweeter, inasmuch as this butterfly of a flower so easily exhales its perfume, and then dies. He begged me not to take it amiss if, since he had not yet sung the usual morning hymn which followed the survival of his death evening, he should not accompany, nor even once look after me, especially as he could not see very well. He then added, almost with emotion, "Oh, Friend, may you live virtuously!—We meet again, where my departed relatives will also be present, and that great preacher, whose name I have forgotten. We meet again!"

He immediately turned quite tranquilly to his hand-organ. I parted from him as from a life.—Though he played on his organ beneath the trees and had his face turned towards me, I still knew that to his dim eyes I should quickly become a motionless cloud; and so I remained standing, until he began his morning hymn from old Neander:

"The Lord still leaves me living,
I hasten Him to praise;
My joyful spirit giving,
He hears my early lays."

During the singing his birds flew round him; the dogs too appeared accustomed to the music and were silent, and it even wafted the swarm of bees into their hive. Distant as he was from me, and much as he was bowed down by age towards the grave, he yet looked from where I stood, on account of his tall figure, sufficiently erect. I remained standing until the old man had sung the twelfth and last verse of his morning hymn:

"Ready my course to finish,
And come, O God, to thee,
A conscience pure I cherish,
Till death shall summon me."

I then slowly pursued my way." L. O.

* See Sigand de la Fond's Dictionary of the Wonders of Nature. The old man of Rechingen, who lived to be 120 years old, had new teeth four years before his death, which in six months dropped out and gave place to others, and these to others in succession.—*Ritcher.*

† In the original, the old man is made to repeat this proverb half in German and half in Latin, at the same time transporting the sense, to indicate the feeble wandering of the memory in the extremity of age.

* The father of Fibel had been a bird fancier.

From the Literary World.

THE EARLIEST DESCRIPTION OF THE COLONY OF NEW NETHERLANDS BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

At the opening meeting of the New York Historical Society, held on Tuesday evening, a paper of great novelty and interest was read, being the first account, *written on the spot*, which we have of the early history of the city of New York, or rather of the Island of Manhattan. It was communicated to the Society by Mr. Broadhead, Secretary of the United States Legation in London, from the hands originally of M. F. A. G. Campbell, Esq., of the Royal Library at the Hague, by whom this curious relic of the past was discovered among certain documents recently purchased by the Government, relating to the Dutch West India Possessions in Brazil. The deficiency of authentic documents relating to the period between 1614 and 1640, had been noticed by Mr. Brodhead in the Report of his Historical Investigations in Holland to the Society in 1841. This is an opportune discovery. There are earlier accounts of the island than the date of this letter,* but none by an eye-witness. The ship "Arms, of Amsterdam" Mr. Brodhead tells us, brought to Holland in 1626 the news of the purchase of Manhattan Island from the Indians for about twenty-four dollars, and it was in this very ship, of which the memory has been thus curiously preserved, that the author of the newly discovered letter, Isaack de Rasieres, went out in the early part of the same year. De Rasieres, it seems, acted as secretary of the colony in the New Netherlands, and held a correspondence with Governor Bradford of New Plymouth, in 1627, whom he afterwards visited as ambassador, and who prcnounced his guest, "a man of fair and genteel behaviour." De Rasieres was afterwards entangled in Provincial troubles, his papers were seized, probably to the loss of the modern historian. He returned to Holland and drew upon his memory for this letter to his friend Samuel Blommaert, a leading director of the West India Company.

This is the history of the document, and so far as is known of the writer. By the courtesy of Mr. Bartlett, foreign corresponding secretary of the Historical Society, we are enabled to lay some of the most interesting passages of the "letter" before our readers. We have at the outset a topographical survey of the bay, harbour, and surrounding island. This is followed by the usual Indian descriptions, with some peculiarities, of a tribe on the island called the Wappenos, who were tall, of an orange colour like the Brazilians, inveterate haters, full of hereditary revenges, so fond of freedom that they could not be brought to work, who hunted in winter and fished in spring; were great lovers of fish, especially of an erotic white salmon; strung cockle-shell *seawan* for money, and were as particular about it as if they dealt with pearls; they shuffled and dealt rushes, and called the game *semeca*, gambling away what clothes they wore till they went off naked; when they were dressed they had on deer skin, or bear skin, or a seal skin, or covered themselves with turkey feathers, or Dutch daffle cloth, which was a blanket by night, a coat by day; the men were loose with the women, who were of middle stature, with long black hair, black eyes, and fine eyebrows, and smeared their orange coloured bodies with grease, which did not improve their flavour; their marriages were based on settlements of seawan, and the bride for six weeks of separation bewailed her virginity, which they called "Collatismarrenitten;" she sat all the while with a blanket over her head looking at no one, and no one looking at her. For agriculture the women in March broke up the ground, and in April planted maize, and in May they set out beans to grow up on the stalks of the corn; they sucked the low stalks for sugar-cane, and made *sappaen* out of the grain, and some they put dried in baskets and buried in the ground, and went off with the men in hunting parties in October, coming back in December "as fat as moles." For their discipline when the women were unfaithful they were flogged, cropped, and driven from the house, but the children followed them, for they were fond mothers. When the husband was unfaithful, the wife brought him before the council, drew off his right shoe and left stocking, uncovered his nakedness and gave him a kick behind, and had the laws been generally administered, the council would have had constant employment. For politics they had a chief *Sackima*, whom they chose by election. Strangers they carried to the council where they smoked without speaking and then entered upon a consideration of the case, the approvals being sounded by "he!"

In this stage in the narrative which we have thus briefly condensed, four pages of the original MS. are wanting—a gap to be much lamented.

The letter is resumed with the writer in New England, who is again topographical, and gives us a curious picture of the warlike New Plymouth.

"New Plymouth lies on the slope of a hill stretching east towards the sea-coast, with a broad street about a cannon shot of 800 [yards] long, leading down the hill; with a [street] crossing in the middle, northwards to the rivulet, and southwards to the land. The houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens also enclosed behind and at the sides with hewn planks, so that their houses and court-yards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets there are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross streets, stands the Governor's house, before which is a square enclosure, upon which four patereros [steen-stucken] are mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon the hill they have a large square house, with a flat roof, made of thick sawn plank, staged with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot iron balls of four or five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays.—They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a serjeant without beat of drum.

"Behind comes the Governor, in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; and, on the left hand, the captain with his side arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand,—and so they marched in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard night and day.

"Their Government is after the English form.—The Governor has his council, which is chosen every year by the entire community, by election or prolongation of term. In inheritances they place all the children in one degree, only the eldest son has an acknowledgement for his seniority of birth. They have made stringent laws and ordinances upon the subject of fornication and adultery, which laws they maintain and enforce very strictly; indeed, even among the tribes which live amongst them. They [the English] speak very angrily when they hear from the savages that we should live so barbarously in these respects, and without punishment. Their farms are not so good as ours, because they are more stony, and consequently not so suitable for the plough. They apportion their land according as each has means to contribute to the Eighteen Thousand Guilders which they have promised to those who had sent them out; whereby they have their freedom without rendering an account to any one; only if the King should choose to send a Governor-General, they would be obliged to acknowledge him as sovereign chief. The maize seed which they do not require for their own use is delivered to the Governor at three guilders the bushel, who, in his turn sends it in sloops to the North, for the trade in skins among the savages. They reckon one bushel of maize against one pound of beaver skin: in the first place, a division is made according to what each has contributed, and they are credited for the amount in the account of what each has to contribute yearly towards the reduction of his obligation; then, with the remainder, they purchase what next they require, and which the Governor takes care to provide every year. They have better means of living than ourselves, because they have the fish so abundant before their doors. There are also many birds, such as geese, herons, and cranes, and other small-legged birds, which are in great abundance there in the winter."

There is much which is characteristic and which commands our respect in this: the zealous anti-repudiating principles of these Plymouth settlers, making provision for the eighteen thousand guilders "obligation;" the aversion of these stern folks to the scantier morals of the Dutch; the better manners of their neighbouring tribes; with the curious picture of these warlike saints on their church goings, reminding us of the Puritans of Hudibras.

There is more of interest in De Rasieres's letter, which, we are happy to learn, the public will be put in full possession of in an early forthcoming volume of the Historical Society Publications.

"In the library of William H. Prescott, at his residence in Boston, are two swords, crossed above an alcove. One belonged to his grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the American troops in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. The other was the sword of Captain Linzee, of the Royal Navy, who commanded the British sloop-of-war "Falcon," then lying in the Mystic, from which the American troops were fired upon as they crossed to Bunker Hill. Captain Linzee was the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott. The swords of those two gallant soldiers who fought on different sides upon that memorable day—now in the possession of their united descendants, and crossed—an emblem of peace, in the library of the great American historian—are emblematic of the spirit in which our history should be written. Such be the spirit in which we view the loyalists of those days."

* By Wassenaer in his "Historische Verhael" 1623 and 1624; De Laet in 1625.—*Mr. Brodhead's Note.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The apartments of the ex-queen in the Tuileries are now used as an infantry barrack, as is the ancient saloon of the aides-de-camp.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.—The committee on slave emancipation have fixed the nominal amount of the indemnity to the slaveholders at 120,000,000f, (£4,800,000). One third of this amount to be paid in 5 per cent stock at par, the other two thirds remaining due and payable in eight annuities will be immobilised, attached to the soil, and destined to support labour in the colonies.—*London Daily-News.*

LEADING ARTICLES.—When Mr. Newberry, the bookseller, of St. Paul's Churchyard, projected a new weekly paper in the year 1758, fearing that the occurrences during the intervals of its publication would not furnish matter enough to fill its pages, he applied to Dr. Johnson to furnish an essay for each paper on some subject suitable to the taste of newspaper readers. "The Idlers" first appeared in *Newberry's Universal Chronicle*, and were the parents of our present "leaders."

In discussions on free trade, I should not be afraid to match one of our well-informed hand loom weavers against Henry Clay, confident that the plain commonsense of the one would destroy, one by one, all the fallacies of the great orator and statesman; and on the question of Slavery, whether regarded as one of principle or policy, I would be content to leave the issue, before unprejudiced judges, to an argument between any moderately-intellectual Sunday-school teacher of England or Scotland and John Calhoun.—*Prentice's Letters, in Manchester Times.*

HIBERNICO-AMERICANS ARRESTED.—The *Carlow Sentinel*, states that Mr. Anderson, sub-inspecter, had arrested, in the town of Borris, three fellows, who had lately arrived from America, to take a leading part in the rebellion. Their names are Alexander Morrison, James Thornburg, and John M'Keague. On the day of their arrest they arrived from Waterford, and were deprived of the opportunity of an attempt to "fraternise," by the discovery of their treasonable practice. Morrison and his colleagues are military men, who were engaged in the late Mexican war, and so far from concealing their rebellious designs, they acknowledged they came to levy war. [Our readers will remember that some weeks back we stated, on the authority of a letter from New York, that if anything was to be apprehended from American sympathisers, it was from Irishmen who had served in Mexico, and who would gladly practise in their native country the murders, robberies, and rapes which formed, in their opinion, the glory and excuse of the Mexican war, a party of the poor befooled Young Irelanders accounting such wretches *patriots.*]—*Jerrolds Newspaper.*

LOCAL AGETNS FOR THE STANDARD.

DR. DAVID M. DAVIS, Woodstown, N. J.
CHARLES ATKINSON, Marion, Grant co. Ia.
J. MILLER M'KIM, Philadelphia, Pa.
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R. I.
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co. N. Y.
THOMAS McCLINTOCK, Waterloo,
S. HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Cayuga co. N. Y.
S. STAMFORD ASHLEY, Oberlin, Ohio,
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K. G. THOMAS, Marlborough, Stark co. "
ISAAC LEWIS, Short Creek, Harrison co. "
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DAVID D. COOK, Johnson's Creek, Niagara co. N. Y.
A. H. BIGELOW, Concord, Mass.
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JOHN W. LYON, Hastings, Oswego co. N. Y.
MORRIS KINGSBURY, Fulton, "
CHARLES DOUGLASS, Caughenwa, "
ALEX. FOREMAN, Pulaski, "
JOHN P. DICKINSON, Cleveland, "
SOLOMON PECK, Mexicoville, "
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